New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1489 SATURDAY · 26 SEPTEMBER 1959 NINEPENCE

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Having It Good in the City

THE City, everyone supposed, would be kept well out of sight until the election was done with. The word went round: no more noisy take-overs until after 8 October—above all, no bickering in front of the servants. True, it was not very tactful of the Tory papers to give quite so much prominence to the fact that the market in steel shares had become a public casino, but these were things which might well escape the notice of the floating voter. This week, however, the City has launched itself into the headlines with a determined ferocity which must have flabbergasted many a loyal Tory. Does the Central Office really suppose that it can put over Jasper and Mias as examples of Tory enterprise and prosperity? Or has something appalling happened, the lace cap slipping off just as Red Riding Hood seemed to be coming nicely within reach?

Something appalling has certainly happened. Although freedom to comment is necessarily limited, the one case now being *sub judice*, the other still only part-explained, it is clear that at least a couple of Tory chickens have come home to roost at an exceedingly awkward time. The Mias group began as a property company in Manchester in 1955, moved to smart London offices in 1957, attracted £635,000 in deposits from the public by the offer of high interest rates, and went into liquidation last December; the directors have now been arrested. The Jasper group began at the end of 1956 as a group of property companies, the main aim of which was to acquire old houses and sell them profitably when the Rent Act came along; dividends went up, share prices boomed, and the group expanded—it was worth over £18m. in the market before last week's crisis.

Who exactly financed Mr Jasper is not known, though a large sum of money is now known to have been advanced by one of the several mushrooming building societies which have been offering high rates of interest for deposits. It is not certain, and will not be until an independent auditor has reported, whether the sudden disappearance of the managing director affects the soundness of the group as a whole. What is established, however, is that the Stock Exchange has suspended dealings in the 15 companies involved and that the Registrar of Building Societies is proposing to freeze the operations of the State Building Society. However little the auditor turns up, Mr Jasper's shares will never stand so optimistically high again.

The City is an amorphous object. Most of its recent excursions into the front pages of the popular newspapers have been prompted by the antics of a financial establishment which is rapidly declining and yielding ground to another more vigorous establishment: the Bank Rate Tribunal, the British Aluminium affair and the Radcliffe Committee have marked a change of fashion which was already taking place. But below the establishment and below the vast institutional middle of the City, there is room for private enterprise of a more colourful kind—enterprise which lacks respectable backing, which is therefore forced to take bigger risks and to appeal much more blatantly to the greed and gullibility of the public.

City scandals of the Mias kind seem oddly old-fashioned. Scandals must become less common as the law is tightened. Perhaps the moral of the latest affair is that it should be tightened again or strengthened with a powerful supervisory body: the United States realised long ago that if people insist on playing the dangerous game of free financial enterprise it is sensible to cram the sidelines with ambulances and fire-engines. But this is a superficial moral. City scandals seem old-fashioned, not because loopholes in the law have been wanting for the past generation but because they have not been exploited so exuberantly. It is only in the past few years that the old exuberance has been encouraged to develop, fed on tax avoidance and the hope of quick profits: the Rent Act crystallised this greedy emotion, set off a bubble boom in property, and provided a whole generation of promoters and speculators with their first real taste of Tory Prosperity. Not for years have the boys had it so good. If Mr Macmillan returns to snooze in satisfied triumph, they will have it better still.

Comments on the Week's News

True Blue Adenauer

Dr Adenauer is once more furious with Britain. His latest spasm of rage erupted last week, when, immediately before he addressed the parliamentary group of the Christian Democrats, he read a summary of the Tory election programme which was coming through on the tapes. This mentioned proposals for a 'zone of limited armaments' in central Europe. Dr Adenauer had persuaded himself that Mr Macmillan had dropped this scheme. The news story thus came as a shock and, quaking with fury, the Chancellor scrapped his prepared speech and launched into a bitter anti-British tirade. Alerted, British embassy officials obtained the full text of the Tory programme, and pointed out that the Tory proposal was heavily qualified. It was also explained to Adenauer that the Labour Party proposal for disengagement goes considerably further than Mr Macmillan's watered-down scheme. As a result, the Chancellor has let it be known in Bonn that he will probably accept Mr Macmillan's repeated invitation to visit London after the election – but on condition that the Tories win. Mr Selwyn Lloyd is said to be anxious that this news should be published in Britain, as a further reason for re-electing the government. But his colleagues are by no means sure that the electorate would appreciate the news that Dr Adenauer is anxious for a Tory victory.

Vote for Roads?

Public concern at the condition of British roads is growing steadily. The long, hot summer has served to exacerbate the temper of private motorists and has emphasised the problems both of commercial traffic and, more appallingly, of road accidents. So that the slogan coined this week by the Roads Campaign Council – *Vote For Roads* – in its campaign to persuade parliamentary candidates to declare themselves in favour of spending more and more on roads, will obviously have a popular appeal. But necessary expenditure on roads is not in itself the complete answer to Britain's transport problems, even if the powerful commercial groups interested in the growth of road traffic would have us believe so. In its manifesto, *Britain Belongs To You*, the Labour Party declares: 'With half a million new cars coming on the road each year, the government's road programme is entirely inadequate. But, to solve the problem, road-building must be related to a national plan which covers all the transport needs of an expanding economy'. What is essential is a firmly integrated transport system, one in which the resources of the railways and their investment programme is co-ordinated with a network of new roads. After all, the railways exist: new roads involve a considerable expense of dollars both in their building and in the use of petrol and rubber their building predicates. Such a policy of unification would prevent a wasteful duplication in road and rail investment. It would also mean that traffic could be encouraged to use the kind of transport most suitable to it and that questions like pricing policy and the degree to which uneconomic but essential services should be retained and subsidised, could all be related to the national interest. Within this framework, new roads, and the improvement of existing roads, are essential to a developing economy and the preservation of the public temper. And in this the Labour manifesto does something less than justice to the government. The current road programme may not be adequate, but at least a significant start has been made. What is important is that the money to be spent on roads in the next decade should be spent wisely, and this means a co-ordinated scheme for the whole transport system.

Amnesia and the Law

It must have come as a revelation to many people that the issue of Podola's loss of memory had to be determined by a specially empanelled jury, as if what was in question was his sanity in the ordinary sense of that word. But the real matter for surprise was that the amnesia plea has, in England at least, never been tried before. English law says that an accused person is not to be tried if he is so mad as to be 'unfit to plead'. The test of that fitness is ability to take part in the trial; and to take part in the trial means to understand what is going on and make a defence. You cannot make a defence if you do not remember any of the facts. The issue, in other words, to be tried in all these cases is the state of the prisoner's mind at the time of his arraignment, not at any earlier time. But insanity is a compendious term in the legal world. In 1897, a man who was unable to read or write and was prevented from speaking by a self-inflicted throat wound was the subject of a trial as to his fitness to plead. The jury decided that he was fit and he was duly tried for the crime charged against him. Suppose, however, that the jury had found him unfit, as they were entitled to: must such a man have gone to Broadmoor, a place of detention reserved exclusively for criminal lunatics, merely because he was illiterate and had lost his voice? There was no other place for him then, and the only alternative now would be to admit him to one of a few similar institutions, which are not reserved exclusively for criminals, as what is called a 'Broadmoor patient'. Thus, where the amnesia plea is advanced and where it is not clear whether the prisoner is the man who committed the crime – a matter, after all, which is often in real doubt, before the trial at least – the doctors who swear that he is unfit to plead may perhaps be saving his life; but they may also be condemning him to many years as a Broadmoor patient although he is innocent of the crime, sane in every normal sense and no danger to anyone. Is this in all common sense a suitable matter for a jury to decide? Juries have to decide some odd matters – such as, for example, the trustworthiness of doctors called before them to swear that a woman convicted of capital murder is pregnant and so cannot lawfully be executed. In fact they never reject such evidence; but if they did such a woman would have no right of appeal. Nor does a prisoner found unfit to plead – and thus denied his trial. Yet a jury is perhaps even less competent to weigh this complex medical evidence and to accept or reject a medical diagnosis of hysterical amnesia than it is to decide the difficult questions of moral responsibility thrown up by the M'Naghten Rules. Perhaps the mere possibility, which Mr Justice Davies seemed to foresee, that in the light of the Podola case the amnesia plea may now become popular, will encourage the Home Secretary's Criminal Law Reform Committee to re-examine the whole question of mental abnormality and crime.

NEXT WEEK

An Enlarged Issue

RT HON. HAROLD WILSON

contributes a special election article following Peter Townsend's contribution this week

AUTUMN BOOKS

A special literary supplement, including a list of important forthcoming titles

The Return of Bohlen

An important by-product of President Eisenhower's assumption of personal control over US foreign policy is the appointment, announced this week, of Charles Bohlen to be Special Assistant on Soviet Affairs to Mr Herter. Bohlen, regarded as the ablest State Department expert on the Communist world, has for many years been a controversial figure in Washington. During the war, he was head of the Eastern European Affairs Division of the State Department and was attached as a Special Adviser to President Roosevelt for the Yalta talks. He thus became associated with the 'treason' charges levelled at Hiss and others during the McCarthy era. In 1953, in the face of considerable opposition, he was appointed US ambassador in Moscow. Here he came into constant conflict with John Foster Dulles. In his dispatches, he criticised the theory of 'rollback', advised in favour of high-level talks with the Soviet leaders, and persistently stressed the speed at which Russia was overhauling the US in production and technology. Dulles regarded him as 'pessimistic', 'defeatist' and discounted his reports; in 1956 he brought about Bohlen's removal, sending him into exile in the Philippines. His return to the State Department thus marks an important victory over the Dulles rump. It is further evidence that, under Mr Herter, the State Department is ceasing to be a one-man show, and that experts at all levels are now being consulted in the formation of policy. Bohlen's first important task, it is assumed, will be to accompany Eisenhower on his tour of Russia.

Communists Lose More Ground

The results declared this week of elections to four important posts in the Amalgamated Engineering Union demonstrate that the erosion of Communist influence in Britain's second largest union is a continuing process. Mr C. V. Berridge is now the sole Communist figure on the executive, retaining his seat by a large majority against an opponent who was not quite popular enough to gain what would have been a 'surprise' victory. Otherwise the party had little to encourage it. Mr Hallett, the general secretary, routed his opponents. Another non-Communist, Mr. W. C. Baxter, although not gaining an overall majority on the first ballot, looks likely to succeed to the position of assistant general secretary on a second. Perhaps the most disappointing result of all for the party was the unseating, even if by a narrow majority, of Mr R. G. Crane, one of the national organisers. His successor, Mr. J. Conway, is expected to take a firm anti-Communist line. In all these elections no more than 6.3 per cent. of the union's 880,000 members voted. That the Communist party should continue to lose its influence when the poll is so low indicates how numerically small its support is.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

The Last Ten Days

Before Nikita Krushchev arrived in the United States, the big question was how the public would treat him in his rounds of official appearances and heavily chaperoned sightseeing. Now that he has been here, the question is what effect his demeanor and attitude toward America has had on the millions who have seen him in person and on television. The public has been remarkably calm and self-restrained in its behaviour. This might have been expected in Washington where government bureaucracy is the main industry and the people customarily exhibit the cautious, contained attitudes of the civil servant. But when the polyglot, boisterous New Yorkers also gave him a cool, correct reception, the American reaction was defined.

Americans do not like Krushchev, detest what he stands for, and are keenly suspicious of his motives in coming here, but there is no disposition to complain again President Eisenhower for inviting him. The general popular attitude is that the visit cannot have done any harm and may have done some good. The fears of State Department planners and security officials that there would be riots or wildly hostile demonstrations against him have proven unfounded. So also have been the fears of some that he would score a public relations triumph and ingratiate himself successfully with the man in the street.

If Krushchev, who is brimming with self-confidence, expected such a triumph, he badly miscalculated the American psychology. His boasts, his expansiveness, his earthy humour, and his simple, homespun style might have won him a good deal of popular esteem here if he had been the president of, say, Brazil or Bulgaria. But after 14 years of the Cold War, any Russian ruler would be received with suspicion and reserve. Moreover, Krushchev personally bears the stigma of being the man who crushed the Hungarian rebellion. In these circumstances his most promising gambit would have been to appear as a modest, courteous, open-minded fellow, willing to confess some errors but anxious to present 'the other side of the story'. Deputy Premier Mikoyan did fairly well with this approach earlier in the year. This gambit would not have swept Americans off their feet with enthusiasm, but it would have enabled Krushchev to arouse in the American mind the most useful response he could reasonably hope for: the notion that 'he isn't such a bad fellow after all'.

Instead, however, Krushchev, from the moment he stepped off the plane at the Washington National Airport, has managed to do everything wrong from a public relations standpoint, and to raise American hackles repeatedly. There was no need, for example, for him to boast about the moon rocket: Americans can read the newspapers. His country's nuclear and outer space achievements are quite fearsome enough to most Americans. Similarly, after insisting upon crowding his schedule, against the advice of American officials, with numerous press conferences and speeches tied to question periods, Krushchev acted angry and affronted whenever the inevitable unpleasant questions were asked. This gave many Americans the impression he 'couldn't take it', and would only play ball on his terms. A press conference is a kind of democratic sport, and the Russian visitor did not seem very sportsmanlike. Krushchev's behaviour does not seem to have been intended to allay fears or clear the prevailing mood of ill-will. He has seemed rather to be trying to intimidate and overawe his audiences. Where he has not been able to boast of Russian superiority, he has warned that his country is at least treading on the heels of America and will soon surpass it.

It is too soon to tell what effect this exuberant aggressiveness has had on the national psyche. Some officials believe Krushchev's visit may have made an impact even greater than the first Sputnik two years ago in arousing the public's nationalistic competitive spirit. That its ultimate outcome will be a relaxation of tensions seems less likely than it did a fortnight ago.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Tunis

The Moment of Decision

Jean Daniel writes from Tunis: For the past week, 12 members of the Algerian government-in-exile – ten ministers and two secretaries of state – have been in permanent consultation at the Villa Belverdere in Tunis, hammering out their response to the new de Gaulle plan for ending the Algerian war. The result of a hurried canvass of their followers in the field has been, I understand, to give them a blank cheque: they must decide whether to take up de Gaulle's offer, or throw it back in his teeth. The second alternative is unlikely. When the Algerian leaders rejected, out of hand, de Gaulle's previous offer last October, they succeeded – as they now bitterly realise – merely in strengthening their enemies and discouraging their friends. This time, their response, whatever form it takes, will be more subtle; already it is clear that the order has gone out to their newspapers and propagandists: the de Gaulle proposal is to be taken seriously. On the night of the broadcast, the young militants I talked to expressed bitter disappointment; but even by the next morning, their tone had changed. After all, they said, de Gaulle had at least used the word 'self-determination'.

Into this subtly changing atmosphere, President Bourguiba – the prince of negotiators – stepped decisively. Immediately after the broadcast, five of the Algerian ministers went to see him. Bourguiba delivered one of his most brilliant speeches. Intransigence, he said, was the weapon of the weak and the thoughtless. Courage consisted of risking unpopularity, in accepting each stage at the correct historical moment. Certain vital words had now been pronounced by de Gaulle; their implications must be seized, promptly, without worrying about the next step which, in history's good time, would come also. Now was the moment to transport the Algerian struggle from the military to the diplomatic plane. In effect, de Gaulle had offered to talk to the Algerian ministers; it was up to them, by skilful manœuvre, to transform this into an offer to negotiate.

From other quarters, discordant notes were heard. From the UN, Algerian envoys reported that many of the Afro-Asian states were bitterly disappointed by the de Gaulle proposals. They were openly denounced by President Nasser in Cairo, and by the Politburo in Moscow. But such attitudes can be discounted. The votes of UN supporters may bring moral comfort to intransigents, but not military or economic support. Nasser's response was seen merely as a further episode in his vicious campaign against Bourguiba. As for the Russians, they have done little to help the Algerians, merely exploiting their struggles for their own ends. Hence the advice to the FLN leaders seemed to cancel itself out: the decision was thrown back, where it must be, on themselves. By mid-week, certain conclusions were emerging. The de Gaulle proposals were seen as 'positive' in three respects: (1) after all the rumours and counter-rumours about de Gaulle's intentions, his policy had at last been made plain; (2) For the first time, France had conceded, at any rate in principle, that Algeria had a right to exercise its own sovereignty, and had taken a solemn engagement, before the world, to concede self-determination; (3) the fact that de Gaulle was prepared to discuss with the rebel leaders the details of the future elections and institutions of Algeria – and even perhaps the terms on which a cease-fire would take place – was a serious basis for negotiations.

But there are still important questions to be answered. What guarantees will France give? Will Ben Bella and other captive leaders be released? Will France accept a progressive reduction of French forces in Algeria? Will de Gaulle be prepared to discuss the terms of a cease-fire with the FLN commanders? Above all, will he agree, in principle, that the political evolution of the country following the cease fire will be supervised by an authority on which the nationalists are represented? This last is perhaps the vital point, and already there is talk in Tunis that the talk which Mr Mokkadem, the Tunisian Foreign Minister, had with Mr Christian Herter indicates that the Americans themselves would not be hostile to the idea.

Nottingham

More Popkess

A Special Correspondent writes: The air here is still heavy with the dust raised by the summer-long struggle between Captain Athelstan Popkess and the city's Labour-controlled watch committee. The question of Captain Popkess's successor has been settled. The committee has unanimously appointed the present assistant chief constable, Mr Frederick Porter, an extremely popular figure in the city, and no one seriously believes that the Home Secretary will do anything but approve. The question of principle raised by the struggle – how much control a watch committee should have over its chief constable – remains unanswered. What keeps the dust of allegation and counter-allegation and whispered slander flying are two different and remarkable events.

The first happened on 28 August. On that date two detectives from the local CID approached three journalists in the *Evening Post* office and asked them for two sets of names. They wanted the names of nuclear disarmers who had taken part in a demonstration, and the names of people who had written a pseudonymous letter opposing Captain Popkess in the recent controversy. One of the journalists alleges that the detectives said they were interested in the political colour of the demonstrators. Captain Popkess at once denied that this had happened. I am in no doubt at all that Nottingham journalists believe that the detectives did come and are not impressed by the denial.

The other event is not likely to receive attention. It concerns the present chairman of the watch committee, Councillor Holland. Detectives, it is alleged, investigated his claims for loss of

earnings while on council business and went with him to the factory where he works. There he was at once able to vindicate himself, as have the other councillors who have been investigated, but not, of course, without some personal embarrassment and loss of face.

Labour people in the city are disturbed by all these inquiries. Why were the names wanted by the police? What would they have done with them? With the investigation of the councillor, of course, one is back on the shifting ground of the old squabble. Labour people certainly see it as part of a campaign against their party, just as they explain most of the recent troubles in terms of political hostility to their success in local government in the past three years. They also confess to some 'tactical' mistakes. To the charge that they are partly to blame for their troubles in the past five months because of a lack of frankness, the party secretary retorts: 'Why should we be frank with the *Sketch* and the *Telegraph*'. There is, of course, no reason why councillors should not be investigated: the effect, however, by the present method, is to encourage rumour without correcting it. The principal victim of the whole affair seems, however, to be the police force which, in the past 30 years Captain Popkess has built up to be one of the best in the country and which is, as a result of these recent activities, losing some of its prestige.

A Laboratory of Peace

THE avidity with which both Tory and Labour leaders have taken up Mr Krushchev's new proposals is an index of the growing demand for disarmament. On Monday, Mr Selwyn Lloyd even sought to prove that the Tories were more suited to govern the country because their proposals were much closer to the Russian scheme than Labour's Non-nuclear Club! In America, too, the State Department – while privately making no attempt to conceal its disappointment at the content of the Krushchev speech – has voiced no word of public criticism: Mr Herter's response has been amiable and constructive. This is evidence of a major shift in US opinion. Until this summer, the Democrats in Congress found it electorally profitable to criticise the Administration for placing a budget ceiling on arms-spending; now, the Administration goes out of its way to refute the charge that the US is an obstacle to a disarmament pact.

Popular pressure, however, will not dictate an agreement. Experience shows that progress can be made only if two conditions are fulfilled: (1) that the military on both sides are satisfied that the conditions of the treaty will be observed; (2) that such conditions do not, by their nature, give an advantage to either side. Further, total disarmament, on the scale envisaged in the Krushchev speech, is inconceivable unless outstanding political claims are abandoned or reconciled. On all these counts, Mr Krushchev's proposals are unsatisfactory. On the subject of controls, he referred vaguely to an 'international control body, composed of all states' which would be provided with 'all facilities necessary to exercise strict control'. This could mean anything or nothing – though the phrase 'all states' suggests an unwieldy UN group, with many members and few powers. Secondly, in his alternative proposals, Mr Krushchev again brought forward a scheme for the elimination of foreign bases which, as has been shown *ad nauseam*, would give Russia an immediate and crucial military advantage, and cannot therefore be accepted by the West except within the context of a wider agreement. Thirdly, Mr Krushchev's proposals were made in an aggressive speech which emphasised the Soviet determination to achieve a unilateral solution to certain political issues; even the problem of Formosa, which he naturally claimed for China, cannot be peacefully solved without compromise. For all these reasons, Mr Krushchev's words – however much they may have caught the public imagination – make no concrete contribution to an agreement.

No doubt, Mr Krushchev's chief objective in New York was simply to achieve this propaganda success; the detailed points on which he is prepared to negotiate will emerge during his private talks at Camp David. It is highly unlikely that these will embrace a comprehensive disarmament plan of the type he outlined to the UN. It is only since 1958, when both sides agreed to discuss disarmament piecemeal, that any progress at all has been made. On what particular aspects of disarmament, therefore, are Krushchev and Eisenhower likely to concentrate?

First, they must complete the test-ban treaty. This is ready for signature, except for three vital points: (1) details of the national composition of the inspection teams; (2) the number of 'on-the-spot' inspections which may be carried out in any year; (3) whether the treaty should cover all tests or whether it should, for the moment, exclude underground tests. Even to get to this stage, both sides have conceded principles: the Russians have accepted a measure of control; the US the fact that this measure of control is unlikely ever to be watertight. Since the principles have been surrendered on both sides, only detailed haggling remains. In fact, the ground has already been covered so exhaustively that a few snap decisions could complete the business and allow the treaty to be drafted forthwith. There seems at any rate a strong possibility that the two leaders will take these decisions at Camp David.

What follows then? Strictly speaking, a test-ban is not disarmament at all. It will, of course, limit research on war-heads – though here, virtual saturation point has been reached – but it will not halt the arms race, which is increasingly centred on the means of delivery, rather than the weapon itself. Its main importance lies in the increased mutual trust which the successful operation of an inspection system would produce. How, then, could this increased trust best be exploited – in a way which leads us to the heart of the problem?

There are two obvious alternatives. One is a logical extension of the ban on tests to a ban on the production of fissionable material for war pur-

'Woman is the eternal Conservative'

Lord Hailsham at Reading, 22 September.

poses. Here there are two great difficulties. First, international inspectors, far from being confined to fixed posts as under the test-ban agreement, would need authority to roam at large throughout the signatory countries and visit all military installations. In effect, the nuclear powers would be asked to unveil their closest secrets right at the outset of the disarmament process. Secondly, it is no use cutting off production unless at the same time an attempt is made to reduce the enormous stockpiles of nuclear weapons which the US and Russia already possess. The trouble is that there is no means of discovering how large these stockpiles are, and therefore no means of knowing whether a signatory power is concealing a 'pirate' stockpile. The number of weapons the powers would be required to hand over for destruction would therefore have to be estimated? On what basis would these estimates be made? On production figures and records, which would not become available until the agreement came into effect. These are further reasons for placing the nuclear production ban towards the end of the disarmament process.

The second alternative, also logical, is to concentrate the disarmament effort on the point of maximum danger: an all-out nuclear surprise attack. This would mean that the US and Russia would station observers at all strategic airfields and missile bases on either side – with direct radio-telephone communication to the other. The possibility that one side could deliver a pre-emptive blow – let alone launch a preventive war – would then be ruled out. In the initial phases, this inspection system would be purely passive; but it would eventually form the basis for enforcing an agreement to destroy the means of delivery. As with the first alternative, however, it is almost certainly over-ambitious; in one stage it goes straight to the heart of the disarmament problem, for the observers would necessarily have to be made privy to the most closely guarded operational secrets, including the order of battle. It is not surprising that the study group set up to examine the technical aspects of a surprise-attack agreement made no progress whatsoever.

There is, however, a third possibility: to combine elements of both these alternative approaches and limit them to a specific area. In this way, the two power groups could acquire experience – and mutual trust – in operating an inspection system (both to prohibit nuclear production and to eliminate surprise attack) without at any stage jeopardising their security. The obvious area for such an experiment is central Europe. Here, both surprise-attack and nuclear production control are relevant; here, an experiment could also be conducted to ensure that conventional forces are reduced *pari passu* with mass-destructive weapons. Central Europe is of sufficient military importance to subject any inspection and control system to the most rigorous test; but at the same time it does not include the main arsenals of strategic power on either side. In the past, geography has made this area a cockpit of war. It could also make it a laboratory of peace.

The Truce On Inequality

Peter Townsend, who contributes this controversial assessment of the Labour Party's attitude towards social inequality, is a research sociologist by profession and a Socialist by conviction. The points he raises in this article will be discussed next week by the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, Labour's shadow Chancellor.

DURING the past ten years the general image of the Labour Party as presented to the public seems to have undergone a subtle but significant change. The party now seems to be characterised by a diminished attachment to moral and social principle and by a correspondingly greater concern with piecemeal reform, at least in social policy. Its leaders to-day rejoice in the impression that they are honest, practical men of restraint dealing with the immediate realities of life. They are cautious about what they say they will do when they achieve power and are apt to be discouraged by the expert who tells them that a certain course of action will offend or produce too many technical difficulties. Their strength is their capacity for sustained practical activity; but, as Tawney has said more generally about the failings of the English, they are increasingly unwilling to test the quality of that activity by reference to principle. They seem to have become incurious about theory and therefore about their own destination.

Some such picture, with all the necessary qualifications, must emerge from any study of the recent history of the Labour Party and particularly of the policy documents that have been published since the defeat of 1951. A number of valuable plans and ideas have emerged from the work of various committees set up in the years of opposition; but there has been a strange reluctance either to integrate them into a coherent social philosophy, so that priorities can be decided, or indeed to pursue or spell out in any detail the more imaginative plans which call for hard work and resolution. The best has not been made even of the unco-ordinated programme that now exists, and it is not therefore surprising to find so many people, even those, like myself, most attached to its cause, regarding the present version of British Socialism as intellectually tame and unadventurous.

Among the reasons for this shift in political character a future historian might well pick out for special attention the fading of interest in the subject of inequality. The main political parties and trade unions, together with economists and sociologists, appear to have called a truce over inequality. From time to time some efforts, it is true, have been made within the Labour movement to revive the subject, but more because of a nostalgic yearning for the fiery battles of the past than because the issues seem appropriate today. A policy pamphlet on the subject of equality was indeed published two or three years ago, but it lacked any serious probing of hard fact and was therefore treated as rather inconsequential.

Why was the truce called? This, I think, is one of the fundamental questions about our post-war society. It hinges on the changing attitudes towards poverty in a society moving towards prosperity, if not affluence. There is first of all the prevalent belief that the Welfare State has lifted the poor out of poverty and, within rough limits, provided equal standards of treatment and income to all citizens. Secondly, there is the belief that incomes and riches have been much more evenly distributed and therefore the differences between the living standards of the working classes and those of the middle and upper classes have narrowed sharply. And thirdly, there is the belief that to step up production is the most important objective in our society, because everyone has shared in rising prosperity since the war and is bound to share in any future spoils. All these beliefs are widely held. They are held by Socialists as well as Tories, though some Socialists hold them in secret. Yet all three are highly questionable.

What precisely did the post-war social legislation bring about? Perhaps the essential feature of that legislation was the creation of an obligation, or contract, to provide all citizens with the basic needs of life in modern society – with certain standards of income security, medical care, housing and education. To a large extent the collective acceptance of this concept of universality was made possible by the war, by the sharing of privations and privileges, by the confrontation, in the armed services, through evacuation and the experiences of the blitz, of one half of society with the other, by the ideals and high levels of tolerance which the hardships of war aroused in the hearts of men. Rights were created by virtue simply of citizenship; no one was to be excluded because of his wealth, his religion, his colour or his parentage. People's needs were of like value.

But what preceded the acceptance of the concept of universality? What occupational groups were brought in for the first time? When measured in terms of increases in prices, population trends and proportions of the national income allocated to particular services, what did the changes in fact mean? Were the new standards generous or did they mean simply that people would not be allowed to starve?

As soon as we begin to look at such questions we begin to make the first assault on complacency. Improvements have been slow and uneven. Most of the poorest groups had been covered by national health and unemployment insurance before 1948. Their gains were not remarkable. Expressed as a proportion of average earnings, some of the insurance benefits even of 1959 compare very unfavourably with those of 1938. For the poorest sections of the community the crucial thing was the disappearance of the Poor Law test and the appearance of more humanity in administration. As Titmuss has said, 'This is what universalism really meant to the working classes: some decline in discrimination'.

Some better-off sections of the population did however gain in material benefits on extremely easy terms – especially pensions and sick pay. To achieve universalism in social security it was necessary in the first instance to favour these sections of society. Recent studies have demonstrated for some other social services that the right of free access has benefited the middle classes more than the working classes.

Without regard for the facts the various changes brought about by the post-war legislation have been called 'egalitarianism'. The essential thing here is not to confuse universality with egalitarianism. The National Insurance scheme is universal – subject to a test of contributions. Yet the benefits it confers are so low that the poorest are driven to seek help from the National Assistance Board and the richest regard them simply as convenient supplements to much more substantial benefits they may obtain from employers or from insurance companies.

Economists and sociologists have not allayed the misapprehensions which grew up about the achievements of the Welfare State. In the decade before the war there were more than a dozen published surveys of poverty – in London, Birmingham, York, Southampton and elsewhere. Poverty, or the threat of poverty, overshadowed the lives of a large proportion of the population – a vocal and very active proportion. In the 13 years or so since the end of the war, there has

been only one survey of poverty – and that a rather mismanaged one.

It is clear, of course, that poverty no longer threatens the majority of the most active and vocal sections of the population. The poor are a voiceless minority. Yet they comprise a large number of people. There are millions depending almost solely on inadequate social insurance and national assistance benefits – the old, the sick, the unemployed, the widows with young children; there are many hundreds of thousands of chronic sick, infirm and socially handicapped persons living in institutions and at home; and there are millions of people, especially those with large families, living on low wages. Although the figures are difficult to interpret the fraction of the population covered by these categories seems to be closer to one-fifth than one-tenth – ranging from five to ten millions. By tradition one of the chief functions of the Labour Party has been to speak for the underdog. But today it still seems inhibited from the outright criticisms necessary to fulfil that function: it is impelled to claim too much for the magic years after 1945.

Poverty is not the only subject to have attracted little attention in recent years. Before and during the war all the classical doctrines of the redistribution of income were at the forefront of intellectual thought and political debate. Today these doctrines are often treated with amused indulgence by many intelligent people. They no longer appear to matter. Really, the arguments suggest, didn't we deal with all that old stuff during and after the war? Haven't we all but abolished poverty? Look at the results of 'punitive' taxation and of death duties.

To go quietly through what scraps of evidence there are is to make another assault on complacency. Whatever 'redistribution' may mean, it is plain that most of it occurred in the war. Since 1947, by a process which we may call 'piecemeal amelioration', the lot of the middle and upper-income groups has gradually improved. I am referring here not only to the more obvious steps taken to relieve surtax-payers in one of the latest budgets or to the general switch in emphasis from direct to indirect taxation, but to a series of big and small measures, from the removal of food subsidies to the tax relief granted to the parents of university students. The 1956 Finance Act, for example, allowed £50m. a year in taxes to be lost to the Exchequer so that contributors to private superannuation might enjoy more generous tax concessions. That £50m. was equivalent to the total sum then being paid to old age pensioners by the National Assistance Board. The rich have gained most from the changes because they were affected most by taxation in the first place. The fiscal system is the biggest, if the most silent, social service we have.

The changes outside the tax system have been even more important. Comparisons between two persons' incomes tell us little about the real differences in their standards of living. All kinds of indirect subsidies are received by some people – meal vouchers, subsidised and free housing, salaries paid in full during sickness, free travel and so on. This is why some of the traditional statistics about the relative earnings of wage and salary earners have become uninformative. The last blue book on national income made a quiet change in one of its footnotes, to the effect that the proportion attributed to business expenses of the total spent on wines and spirits in the country had been raised from five to ten per cent.

In tracing the reasons for the current lack of interest in inequality we cannot be content with examining the exaggerated claims for the achievements of the Welfare State and of taxation in bringing about a more equitable distribution of income. We must look to the values of society. There is near unanimity between Tories and Socialists on the desirability of ever-increasing production. Why have a war of attrition between different sections of society about inequality and the redistribution of income when all can share in increasing wealth? Once those in poverty become, in Britain no less than in America, a voiceless minority, why bother with the classical doctrines of Socialism? In an advanced country increased production is an alternative to redistribution and is not associated with the same social tensions. Moreover, when the poor form a comparative minority why should they remain at the centre of the politician's interest? As Galbraith has said, 'It becomes easy or at least convenient, to accept the use of the conventional wisdom which is that the rich . . . are highly functional and also much persecuted members of the society. . . . To comment on the wealth of the wealthy, and certainly to propose that it be reduced, has come to be considered bad taste. The individual whose own income is going up has no real reason to . . . identify himself, even remotely, with soapbox orators, malcontents, agitators, Communists and other undesirables'.

Yet look at the consequences. If public opinion, including the Left, puts expanding production first, then almost automatically there is a psychological obligation to subscribe to the importance of capital investment and of building so-called incentives into the tax system. In the policy documents of the Labour Party there is a noticeable shifting of feet whenever there is the slightest suggestion of using taxation as a weapon for social ends. Now we begin to understand part of the embarrassment of present-day Socialism.

The facts seem to be inescapable. It is not the changes in social insurance, not any radical redistribution of income, which has brought about the diminution of poverty in Britain. Full employment, and the increase in output of recent decades, have brought the increase in well-being of the average man. And subscription to the virtues of expanding output has sapped the moral fibres of the Left. Not only, it is thought, will wage-earners benefit, everyone will benefit, and there will be an end to poverty. Yet this, as much as the hoped-for diminution in inequality, is not at all self-evident. On the contrary the evidence suggests both that a substantial minority of the population live in destitution or near destitution and that they have few prospects of improvement at a time when the wealth of some sections of the population is increasing rapidly.

This is the real challenge facing the next Labour government, which many of us earnestly hope will be taken up. Can it stomach the thought that the social legislation of its 1945 predecessor could be bettered and, what is more, should now be critically reviewed? Can it make sure that the evidence necessary to formulate policy on such subjects of national importance as poverty and living standards is being collected, either by a better financed research and information department of its own, or preferably, by some independent body? Can it disengage itself from the cloying attentions of those who think it better to invest in machinery rather than people? And can it end the truce over inequality? To do so, it must apply social principles which radically improve the income and living conditions of the poor and handicapped and – at the small cost of limiting the individual's ability to secure advantages outrageously in excess of those available to other citizens – enlarge his freedom to choose what kind of life he shall lead.

PETER TOWNSEND

London Diary

CAN the West learn the lesson of Mr K.'s stormy passage in the US? Some illusions of both the left and the right varieties should have been finally ended. Mr K. is a man of the very highest ability who probably exercises more power than any other man in the world today. He says, with complete sincerity, that the powers *must* come to an agreement and disarm, since the alternative is mutual suicide. He sees this, as he sees all problems, entirely in terms of power. He goes to America to negotiate with the other power figure, President Eisenhower; he also takes the opportunity of trying to change the American public's image of the Soviet Union. He doesn't like being needled by journalists. He resents the excessive measures for his safety that are being taken jointly by the American and Russian security police. He doesn't begin to understand the American public or the West, where power is decentralised and opinions fluctuate. He has no idea of the shock he administers when he defends Soviet jamming of foreign broadcasts on the grounds that he is 'head of the dictatorship of the proletariat' and 'will say how the workers shall be defended'. He treats all Social Democrats and American trade unionists with contempt. They are by definition lackeys of imperialism, since they accept capitalism and the world to him is a battle between Communism and capitalism. Anyway they are failures since they are not in power. He can be courteous to Gaitskell and Bevan in England because they might win the election. Differences must be irreconcilable, but the only thing that matters is to reach, not an agreement – which is impossible – but a power pact with the President.

* * *

'The flowing tide!' That is the first poster I can remember. It was pasted up during the 1906 election when voting in the constituencies was still staggered. When the Liberals began to win Tory seats, ladders appeared in shop windows showing a Liberal climber overhauling the Tory. The idea of the poster was to encourage the floating voter to float on the Liberal tide. Today the polls take the place of the ladders. It is supposed that the 'don't knows' will decide to shout with the biggest crowd. Allowance must also be made for contrary cusses who 'won't be dictated to by the bleeding papers'. Because the polls exercise this irrational influence on the voting, I thought the *Observer's* rather snide revelations last Sunday about four different polls being organised from the same address were probably useful. They inculcated a healthy scepticism. The *News Chronicle* was naturally angry at the suggestion that they shared the facilities of Social Surveys, Ltd. They can fairly claim that they alone regularly publish Mr Durant's conscientious statistics on a variety of subjects. Mr Durant himself explained that each paper using his services has separate canvassers and that if the various polls reach similar results that does not mean that there has been any overlap, or undue influence in the interpretation.

* * *

Mr Durant made some interesting admissions, such as that his interviewers 'are in all cases informed for which organisation the assignments are required'. They choose, that is to say, whether they will work on the survey promoted by the *News Chronicle*, *Daily Telegraph* or *Daily Mail*. Clearly there is a risk of bias here, and Mr Durant would, I think, agree that polls tend to favour the Tories, because middle-class interviewers find it easier to interview middle-class rather than work-

ing-class voters. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and by and large the reputable surveys have been surprisingly accurate. Of course, they can only express passing trends. If the pollsters are foolish enough to stop before the eve of the election, as they did in the Dewey-Truman fight, they go wrong because it is only at the last minute that many 'don't-knows' make up their minds. They can go wrong for other reasons, as we learnt when Diefenbaker's victory took everyone by surprise in 1957. They cannot know how many people will in the event decide to vote, and they can never know, when the voter says that he is on one side or the other, how evenly his mind is balanced between the rival sides. Polls can produce statistics about decisions, not about wavering indecisions. Psephology cannot be a 'science'. If it were a science, there would be no reason for elections.

* * *

Last week this journal announced prizes for the best strip cartoons. The response should be of the greatest interest; do the English possess hitherto unsuspected talent in a field which is too often tamely surrendered to America? The result may also help us to answer a question too little asked: what has happened to the famous British sense of humour? The stock view about humour as a national characteristic used to be that the French specialised in wit and satire, while we were mainly good at 'nonsense'. If you said something about Swift and Shaw as well as about Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, you were told that they were Irish, and if you mentioned Rowlandson as a great cartoonist you learnt that he was no wit but only a rumbustious humorist. American humour was supposed to consist of puns and wild exaggerations. Certainly I recall when I first went to the United States in 1922 that Americans seemed to have almost no capacity for laughing at themselves—an accomplishment on which the British somewhat incongruously specially prided themselves, even though, in doing so, they seldom amused others. And then something odd happened. At that very moment Mencken was having a transforming effect on American letters and Harold Ross was starting the *New Yorker*. From then onwards the United States captured the Anglo-Saxon market both for humour and wit. We were used, of course, to Horrabin's amusing strips, and in Osbert Lancaster we have discovered one brilliant pocket cartoonist; we had great cartoonists like Low and Vicky, but we had no draughtsman satirists to compare with Soglow, Thurber or Feiffer. Recently this journal has published the Fred Id series by Jensen and the satirical Monk drawings by Phelix; the result has made us wonder whether the lack of good British strip cartoonists may not be the fault of the newspapers themselves. The NEW STATESMAN has set its competition hoping to discover such buried talent – especially among the young.

* * *

The midnight show at the Festival Hall to wind up the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's propaganda week was a really memorable and delightful occasion. It meant a lot to see these famous artists – Peggy Ashcroft, Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears, Constance Cummings, Denis Matthews, Miles Malleson, Michael Redgrave, Day Lewis, Gerard Hoffnung and the rest – giving their talented best so sincerely, so modestly and so brilliantly. There was one unexpected and most effective moment. John Neville was proclaiming a mock Establishment speech against nuclear disarmament which J. B. Priestley had written for him. Suddenly, a noise accompanied by a trickle of leaflets, erupted from one of the boxes. I was delighted at what I assumed to be a nicely-timed fake interruption. To my astonishment I learnt afterwards that the interrupters were not actors, but real live Empire Loyalists conscientiously doing their stuff. If their act had been a carefully rehearsed part of the production they could not have done a neater job for the disarmament cause.

* * *

No diplomat in London will be so much missed as Eliahu Elath, the Israeli Ambassador. He is leaving next week for Israel where I understand he will continue to be an adviser to the Israeli Foreign Office, but will be chiefly concerned with setting up an Institute of Foreign Affairs. I should guess that it will be a less Establishment affair than our Chatham House. But, like our Royal Institute and the Institute of International Studies in Delhi, it will be a centre of research and a meeting place where people of many nations can hear lectures and discuss world problems. I can think of no one with better qualifications. He is an Arabic expert, knows Russia and speaks Russian fluently. He is particularly concerned with the situation in Africa which, if there is no world war, will be the overriding political issue of our times.

* * *

The confusion about the Soviet system 'burying', that is, 'outliving' capitalism, was pointed out in this column when Mr K. first used the phrase. There are plenty of other examples of Russian-English linguistic difficulties. In 1921 the Russian colony in Vienna wanted to thank Mr Hoover for American aid. The last sentence of an elaborate letter of thanks, written on vellum, ended, I'm told: 'We thank you from the very bottoms of our very hearts for all your fidgetings on behalf of our unfortunate starving country.' A more recent misunderstanding has just reached me from Moscow. The other day a party of Americans were being shown over one of the Kremlin museums which contained an exhibition of ancient Russian ikons. Pointing to a fine painting of Jesus entering Jerusalem, the curator said it was a picture of Christ on his ass. There was an indignant scream from one of the American women. 'I knew it!', she shouted, 'You are a lot of blasphemers, and I won't stand for it. Nobody shall make fun of Our Lord in my presence.' And in spite of efforts to explain the misunderstanding, she picked up her goods and chattels and stamped indignantly out of the building.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'The most dangerous person in the world is the instructed pagan,' declared a Liverpool canon, preaching at Penrith Christ Church.

'Our Universities are full of them, particularly on the science side, and we are treading on very dangerous ground if we produce in the vast overseas countries like Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya and Uganda only educated people.'—*Penrith Observer*. (Jane Hutchings.)

A 19-year-old girl told a Canterbury court today that she was getting married on Saturday but did not know her fiancé's job.

Asked by the clerk for her fiancé's occupation, she replied: 'I have never asked him. I know he goes out each day'.—*Evening Standard*. (Stefan Roble.)

On Sunday we took our Girl Guide company along The Mall, we saw Mr Selwyn Lloyd. The children recognised him at a glance, he didn't even turn to acknowledge them, they will *never* forget it. And there is a General Election just round the corner.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (V. Weisz.)

Jobs for School Leavers

A WEEK ago I watched a 16-year-old Grammar schoolboy from Llanelly begin to launch himself on the world. We drove together to Pontardulais, that little country station which is one of the gateways from South Wales to the midlands and the north. The last I saw of him was a slim, dark-haired figure in open-neck shirt, carrying an attaché case and going through the barrier with a ticket for Stafford, where he hoped to win an apprenticeship at the English Electric Company.

I had already talked to his father and to the youth employment officer. The father, a stoker in the local generating station, told me that his boy had always been mad on electricity. 'But', he said, 'he's had to do everything for himself. Grammar school and all. I've tried to help him but I've no education.'

The boy had now got his GCE, but the youth officer said: 'There's really nothing for him at home. He's been offered an apprenticeship at Trostre, the new tinplate works, but unfortunately the apprenticeships there are purely for maintenance work. If he wants a higher grade he'll have to leave home.'

The thought of separation from home did not at all worry this boy, whose single-mindedness for electricity seemed to exclude emotion. Nor did it worry his parents who, like many Welsh people, think even more of their children's progress in the world than they do of the closeness of family ties. But to me it highlighted one of the problems which face the youth employment service in many parts of the country. Though, after a fairly lean 20 months, jobs for the school-leavers have become more plentiful, there is in many areas an acute shortage of high-grade apprenticeships, and as some families at any rate are reluctant to let their children leave home as early as 16 and as, anyway, firms which have high-grade apprenticeship schemes tend to fill the available places from their own locality, many boys with high potential ability are having to take jobs well below their capabilities. This, in turn, means that other boys with only average qualifications are being pushed down the scale, since the jobs which they would be capable of filling are already taken by Grammar school boys. Hence, all along the line there is increasing waste of ability.

This development might be arrested by better distribution of industry – South Wales badly needs more high-class engineering works – but unfortunately it has been intensified by the credit-squeeze recession of 1958. For the first time since the war, school-leavers in that year found jobs scarce; and, even in such prosperous and diversified areas as Huddersfield and Aylesbury, it was not unusual for both boys and girls to be on unemployment benefit for many months at the very beginning of their careers. In consequence employers, who hitherto had been queueing outside the school gates, became much more choosy, demanding A-level qualifications for jobs which were well within the capacity of O-level applicants. Further, many boys, who previously had been tempted into unskilled jobs by the prospect of relatively high wages, and whose immediate vision was clouded by the shadow of national service, found it less easy to pick up these unskilled jobs and realised that they would have little chance of better jobs unless they could get good qualifications at school.

So, many more of them, both Secondary, Modern and Grammar, have decided to stay on at school or take courses at technical colleges – in

the current year Swansea technical college was so swamped with applications that it had to turn down 80 on grounds of space alone – to acquire the qualifications which are the key to the better class of job. This development, excellent in itself, is at present leading to some disillusionment when, after the extra effort, usually under pressure from parents or youth employment officers, a boy gets his coveted certificate and then finds that the better job he had hoped for is not there. If this position is allowed to worsen or even to continue, both the boys themselves and the youth employment officers, who are now doing so much in persuading boys and girls to stretch their abilities to the uttermost, may begin to lose heart.

This is the biggest immediate problem in youth employment – to find jobs which are at least up to their capabilities, for Grammar school leavers who are below professional standard, and for Secondary Moderns who are above unskilled or semi-skilled level. But there are other problems just below the surface. At the present moment, due to a revival of trade and industry, there is little difficulty in placing school-leavers in some sort of job. In Huddersfield, all the Easter leavers had been placed before the summer leavers came on to the register. In Aylesbury, a different type of area, the latest available figures show that, though the number of leavers rose to 173, compared with 156 at the corresponding period of last year, the number of new claims for unemployment benefit fell to six compared with 33.

The position is hardly less satisfactory in Llanelly. For a time after the war, employment in tin-plate was more difficult than in any other industry; for the old-fashioned mills were closing down to be replaced by up-to-date plant which required fewer hands. Llanelly's Trostre plant, for example, employs some 700 fewer men than the old mills it replaced in the Llanelly area alone; and, as an undertaking was given that there would be no new recruitment to this plant until the displaced older hands had been absorbed, there was for a time no outlet here for the school-leavers. But now that absorption is complete, the position in Lanelly, like that in the other two towns, is better than it was last year and almost unbelievably better than it was in the depression years before the war, thanks partly to the arrival of new industries and partly to the generally high level of production. But there is a second and less obvious problem of youth employment.

The bulge in the school population since the war, due to the higher birth-rate during and immediately after, is now beginning to affect the number of school-leavers. In 1956 the number leaving at 15 was only 613,000 throughout the country. In 1958 it was 712,000. This year it is 776,000 and by 1962 it will be about 929,000 – which is an increase of 30 per cent. on 1958. Placing this greatly increased number of leavers will be difficult – even if industrial activity continues to increase only at the rate of the last few years – and will of course be impossible if there is any sustained recession. Further, although it has been generally predicted that the 'bulge' would have its maximum effect in 1961, this is now known to be untrue. Because of a new, unpredicted upturn in the birth-rate, the total school population, which today is 6,893,000 and which will be 6,927,000 in 1961, is expected to rise, after a slight drop, to a new peak figure of 7,016,000 in 1968.

The continued increase in the school population will provide fresh problems at all levels of the educational service, with its still desperate shortage both of teachers and of space. It will also create further problems for the youth employment service if the governments of the next ten years fail to create conditions in which the yearly increase in production, apart from that made possible by automation, is considerably greater than it has been allowed to be during the term of the present government. Lowering the retirement age would be some help, but only if we have governments which are prepared to finance an adequate superannuation scheme. Raising the school leaving-age would help temporarily; but it will be quite impracticable unless we have a government which is prepared to put much greater drive than the present government behind the programme of school building and recruitment of teachers, and which is prepared to plan the distribution of industry so that particular areas are no longer starved of higher grade jobs. That is where I came in and where the 16-year-old boy from Llanelly went out. If these problems are recognised and attacked now, neither 1962 nor 1968 need be bogy years; but if Dr Charles Hill, with his contempt for planning and his leave-it-alone philosophy is allowed another run, I can foresee an immediate future which for many school-leavers could be as bleak as the experience of their fathers in the early Thirties.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Economics of Sunshine

So widespread and accepted is the contemporary passion for sunbathing, and for getting tanned thereby, that it is difficult to remember how recent it is. Up till some four decades ago fashionable ladies would no more have thought of exposing themselves to sunshine than they would today to rain. The sunshade was an essential part of fashionable attire. Now, in all London, you cannot procure one except at theatrical costumiers. Peasants and labourers were liable to be suntanned, but this was just part of their inelegant way of life. The sign of social distinction was to be pale. How astonished, say, Lily Langtry would have been to know that her successors in the lush foothills of high society would go to almost any lengths, including crouching in front of ultra-violet rays and taking tan-producing pills, in order to give an impression of having been baked in the sun!

This cult of the sun, like all others, has been turned to commercial uses. Unguents, oils, special sun-bathing attire, bikinis and play-suits and darkened spectacles, have become big business. The largest trade in sunshine, however, is unquestionably done on the Riviera, now more commonly known as the Côte d'Azur – a name coined, it appears, by a certain Stephen Liégard, a fervent Bonapartist who died in Nice in 1925, otherwise undistinguished or at any rate unremembered. This narrow coastal strip, never more than 20 kilometres wide, stretching from Menton to Saint Tropez, and, in the words of M. Raymond Cartier, *'entre une montagne sans humus et une mer sans poisson,'* has become the Mecca of sun-worshippers. Here they come in their millions, thigh-to-thigh on the beaches, bumper-to-bumper on the roads, earnestly engaging in the most ardent of contemporary pursuits – leisure.

It began by being a fashionable winter resort. Russian grand dukes, English actual or would-be aristocrats, American millionaires, the rich from all over Europe, trekked to the Riviera in the winter months to enjoy the clement weather, gamble at the casinos provided for them, and generally demonstrate their superiority to the rest of their compatriots who had no alternative but to endure the fogs, frosts and other climatic hazards in their native habitats. There were also, inevitably, a number of adventurers, quacks and ponces – camp-followers of the affluent who subsist upon their vices and gullibilities. Writers, especially those dealing with high society, found the Côte d'Azur congenial. Frank Harris found a sanctuary there, occasionally, according to his own account, getting his gardener to bring in a covey of young girls who obligingly took off their clothes and danced over the lawns of his villa, providing, as he put it, 'as pretty a sight as ever you saw.'

All of these scrupulously avoided the sun, and kept well away from the sea-shore, as did Queen Victoria, who, for four years in succession took up her residence for six weeks at the massive Hotel Regina. M. Cartier, to whose brilliant study of the subject in *Match* magazine I am greatly beholden, thus describes her retinue:

> Elle arriva avec son âne Jacquot, son maire du palais, le général Ponsonby, ses ladies-in-waiting, son médecin, ses six femmes de chambre, son valet de pied écossais, son chef français, ses gardes du corps hindous, ses douze valets d'écurie et quelques autres pièces de domesticité.

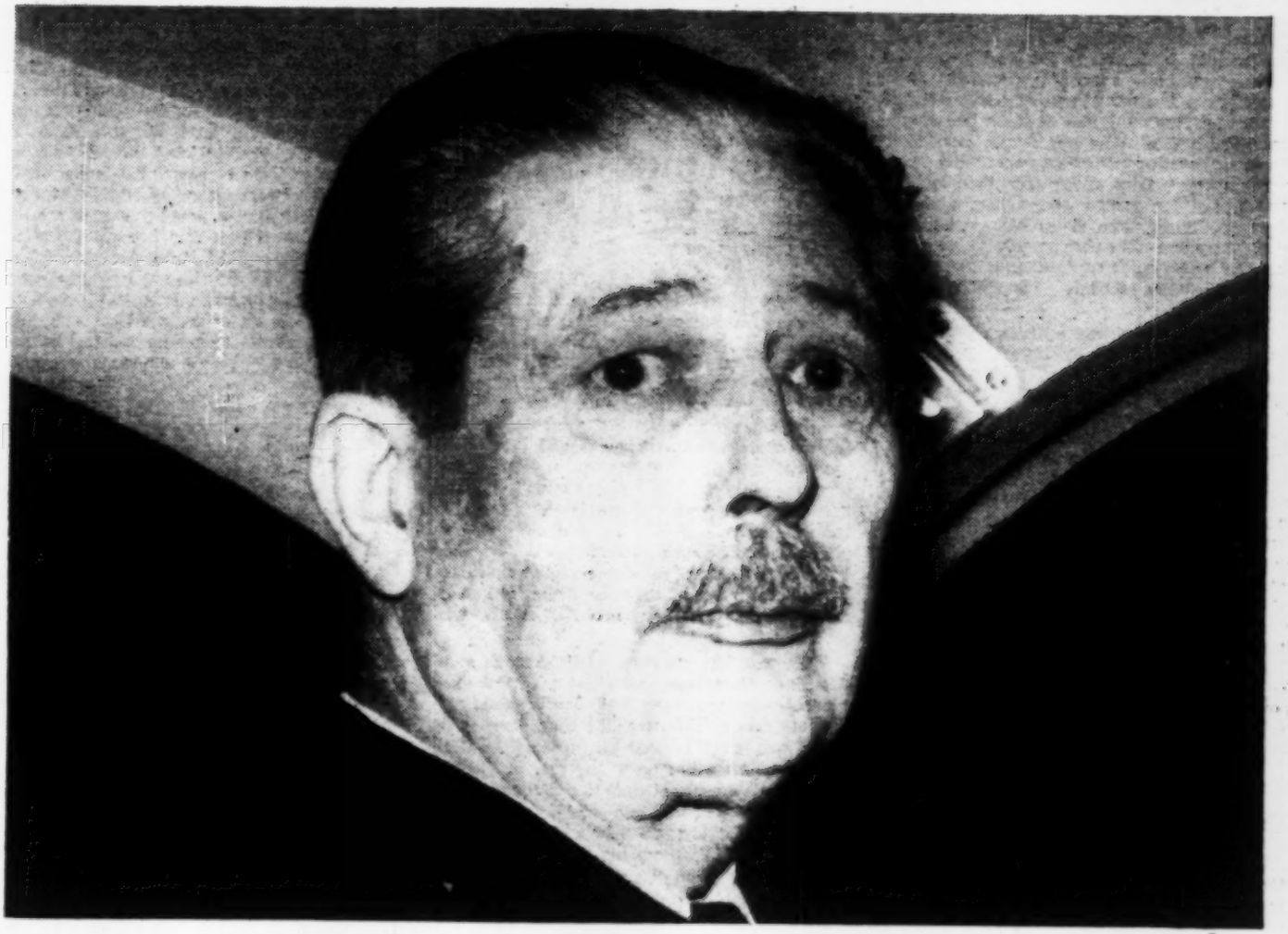
The *valet de pied écossais* was, presumably, the legendary John Brown, who doubtless brought along, on his own and his mistress's behalf, a good supply of his native Scotch to supplement the local wines. For her apartments the Queen paid 40,000 francs for the six weeks' visit – a very substantial sum at the then rate of exchange. And even this, M. Cartier says, was a *prix d'ami*.

The 1914-18 war and its aftermath put an end to this glorious period, during which the great hotels – Ruhl's, the Negresco, the Hotel de Paris – were built and profitably conducted. The grand dukes disappeared to become taxi drivers elsewhere; the very rich tended to look for other playgrounds, though there were a few old faithfuls like the Aga Khan. In their place there arrived desiccated colonels who had served in the East, and who found that their pensions went further, their drinks at sundown tasted sweeter and their wives were more tranquil on the Côte d'Azur than in Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells. Also, ladies of slender means and faded charms who brought tea-making apparatus which they set up in their pension rooms, and who were the chief patrons of English libraries which made their appearance in Menton, Monte Carlo, Nice and other resorts.

The great change, however, was the summer season, which soon attracted many more visitors than the winter one. Hitherto, the Riviera had closed down from April to November. The local inhabitants, it is true, lived there throughout the year, but they were in the same category as Indian natives, who did not need, like sahibs, to take refuge in hill stations during the hot weather. How they managed to endure the oppressive heat, the mosquitoes and the sun's dangerous glare was their own business. From the point of view of the holiday-maker, the Côte d'Azur only existed for four to five winter months out of 12. The hotels were barred and shut; only an occasional restaurant functioned, and the Promenade des Anglais had an abandoned, deserted air.

Now all this was changed. Hoteliers found the summer more profitable than the winter. The hot sun, which had been their enemy, became a lucrative friend. All along the coast, they edged nearer and nearer to the sea. In the casinos, instead

ARE THE TORIES RIDING FOR AN ELECTION FALL?



TORY SUPPORTERS believe their party will win. Well, will it ?

It is still early to tell. If you want to make an intelligent forecast — a guess that's better than the next man's—then read the News Chronicle, the newspaper which publishes the Gallup Poll. For the Gallup Poll has an unequalled record of accuracy in measuring the drifts of public opinion.

If you want to follow these trends read the News Chronicle every day. Political loyalties tend to harden just before General Elections. There can be momentous swings of opinion up to the last minute.

News Chronicle

the newspaper with the **GALLUP POLL**

of insisting on Smoking', open-necked shirts and even shorts were permissible. Tourist parties made their appearance; north-country accents were heard, and cut-price rather than luxury rates were the order of the day. Beaches, once deserted, began to take on the appearance of carpets of flesh, white shanks indicating new arrivals and bronzed limbs the eve of departure. The bourgeoisie had moved into the Riviera in a big way, driving the higher social echelons into secluded villas, yachts, and the relatively few hotels and restaurants, like the Réserve, which still found it worth while to charge inordinately so as to secure a select clientèle.

England's departure from the gold standard in 1931 sent the tea-making ladies hurrying home, and brought destitution to the English libraries, but this represented a loss of respectability rather than of cash. The tide of tourists scarcely abated. At Juan-les-Pins the Prince of Wales played golf; the Spanish Civil War was fought out among American novelists while they smoked and sipped martinis after bathing at Cap d'Antibes; and film stars looked for press photographers along the plage at Cannes. The Côte d'Azur's luck had held. There was still a considerable winter migration, and a very much larger summer one, ranging from millionaires to bank clerks and typists on inclusive tours.

The 1939-45 war was a disaster of the first magnitude. If German officers on leave kept a few large hotels and a small but well-supplied black market going, the coast as a whole was desolate and deserted, with its local population – by this time nearly a million – left to starve on olives, wine and fruit, the only production of its barren soil. Even immediately after the war, it presented a sad spectacle. The futile American landing in southern France has caused quite an amount of unnecessary damage. Stucco had peeled; unpainted woodwork had blistered and swollen; villas and hotels bore all the sadly familiar marks of having housed military personnel and installations. An observer then might well have concluded that the Riviera's day was done, never to revive.

How wrong he would have been! A greater boom than ever was on the way. In addition to the old-style visitors – the moneyed Teddy-boys and girls, whose favourite haunt was to be Saint-Tropez; the seasoned Rivierans like Aly Khan, Lord Beaverbrook, King Farouk, numerous displaced Guggenheims and sometime husbands of Barbara Hutton; the various categories of tourists – there were quiet new rivulets swelling the mighty stream. The better-off type of artisan, now for the first time accorded paid holidays, developed a taste for moving southwards into the sun. Civil servants who had retired on minute pensions were attracted by house property on the Côte d'Azur which was bound to appreciate in value, could always be profitably let, and did not require central-heating. Above all, there were *les campers*. In 1958, M. Cartier estimates, they amounted to 1,800,000, who stayed on an average for 12 days. Assuming they spent 1,000 francs a day, they brought into the area some 20 milliard francs a year, which is about a sixth of the total expenditure of holiday-makers there.

Every indication suggests that the numbers in all categories will go on increasing. Today one resort shades into another, with scarcely a gap between them. It is one huge Coney Island. Through the summer months plane after plane lands at Nice Airport, disgorging its passengers to disperse to their chosen resorts. From Aix-en-Provence, motorists grind their way to the Coast in an unending procession. The trains are likewise crowded, and motor coaches from places as distant as Finland, as near as Marseilles, roar up and down the *corniche* roads. Real estate has appreciated by five times since the end of the war; Nice, Cannes, Menton and Monte Carlo vie with one another in producing 'attractions', all reported in the *Nice Matin* with dispassionate appreciation. Ironically enough, only the large luxury hotels are in the doldrums. Many of them have been converted into residential flats, and the ones which still function have a languid outmoded air. They belong to a past order of things. They are bespoke tailoring establishments in an era of mass-produced clothing; anachronistic survivals which cannot participate in what M. Cartier calls *'la grande réalité economique d'aujourdhui – les loisirs des masses'*. In this field, it is Mr Butlin, rather than Messrs Ruhl and Negresco, who holds the keys to the future.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

My Time in the Sixth

My trouble was that when I was 16 I liked playing games: hockey and lacrosse that is, particularly lacrosse. Cricket I thought dull, and tennis too difficult. The new games mistress expelled me from the school second lacrosse XII for being too rough. This was because I found it difficult to catch balls or throw balls; but in lacrosse you are also allowed to hit the ball out of your opponent's crosse basket, and, if you do it accidentally, hit their fingers too, and barge into them as roughly as you can accidentally. I found this a very effective way of playing defence in lacrosse; but a school we played against complained, and the games mistress was shocked that I did not even want to learn how to catch balls instead of barging. All the same, I remained a useful defence player in my house XII, and we won several matches.

My sort of lacrosse does not need much practice, but it does need some, and anyway I liked running round the games field shouting and barging into people. This was all right for me to do until I was 16 and became a member of the Sixth form, anxious to live up to my new intellectual level. It was a waste of time to run round games fields, we all decided; only the hearties played games, and it did not do to be a hearty. So I had to stop going to practices, but Sixth-form opinion allowed me to go on playing in house matches.

I was able to do this because the house spirit was all right in our Sixth form. We all of us held positions in the four school houses, and we were very conscientious about them. We knew that the house meetings were dull, but we went to them, and said 'hear, hear' in heavy voices after the housemistresses' speeches – even though we despised most of them as non-intellectuals. We believed that our school had helped us to attain our intellectual status, and that the houses were essential for the school. So we badgered the juniors on the need for house spirit, and we took an exemplary part in house activities.

The only Sixth-former who would not take part in house activities was Karmeni. She was foreign, and she thought the house spirit was a waste of time. Also she painted her nails until the matrons stopped her and she had long, long, dark hair with, we believed, a permanent wave in it. We knew that permanent waves, like make-up, were a waste of time, a waste of money, and a sign of vanity – a silly sign too, as women looked much nicer without them. However, we made allowances for Karmeni because, as I said, she was foreign, and the more conscientious of us would take it in turns to be friendly with her. Sometimes we privately discussed our duty to be friendly to Karmeni, and one day we were all rewarded for the way we had done our duty and elevated Karmeni's mind. We went to tea with her parents, and her father told us some very interesting facts about Indian philosophy, and also cooked for us a great pan of sweets made in an unlikely way from grated carrots and silver paper. They were goo-ey, filling sweets, and we ate them all. It was very interesting, we said, because we knew it was a good thing to eat foreign food.

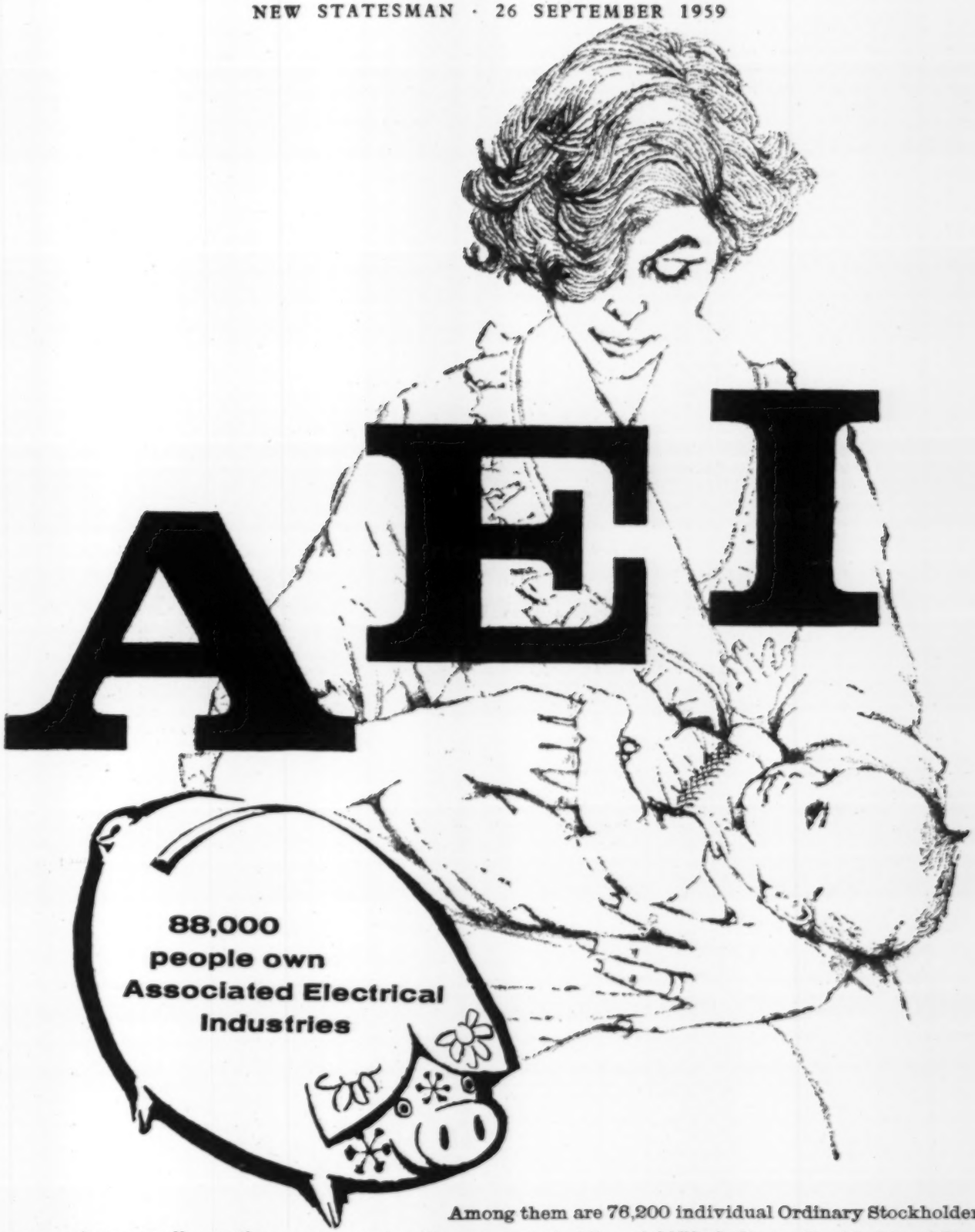
One of the things Karmeni would not do for the house was to knit. We were all knitting comforts for the Red Army that year. They were knitted naturally in thick red wool; some of them were ambitious comforts like balaclava helmets and vests, some of them less ambitious like scarves. Mine was a scarf, but it was far, far bigger than the last thing I had knitted which had been a square for a blanket for a Poplar settlement. My scarf went on and on, it got darker and darker red, and the bits of wool knotted together and broke. But I was the vice-captain of my house, and I had to finish it. Several of my friends helped me, but this, in some way I have forgotten, was slightly dishonourable. I finished it sitting on the lavatory seat under the one light which was left on at night in our boarding house.

Apart from handicrafts, to which I am not naturally suited, there were pleasanter things to do for the house. We acted house plays, and one of them was *The Forsaken Merman*. We made ourselves into choruses with heavy voices and light voices; mostly our physiques went with our voices. In our house we dressed the light chorus in floating, green gauze draperies, and the heavy chorus in seaweed and sand shells pinned on rather dark sacking. The idea was dramatic contrast, but it was not very successful, as the seaweed kept slipping.

When we were not doing things for the house, we spent our spare time reading and talking. This was the only time in my life, since I discovered *True Confessions* when I was 11, that I have not read women's magazines. Because of what my friends might have said, I did not dare. Instead I read mostly novels with a social purpose written in the 1930s, and we all read a lot about Russia. This was during the war, and we were much interested in Russia: we read books about tractors and work-outputs and found them very sympathetic. The people in the books had just our outlook: no permanent waves, no lipstick, no frivolity, but hard work, careers for women and high ideals.

Careers for women were something we talked about a lot. We all wanted worth-while careers, but not hospital almoning, as we had had too many school lectures about that. Nor did we want to teach. Not, we said, because we did not realise the importance of teaching, but because we did not feel that we personally were the sort of people who became teachers. It was rather a grey job, we felt. Our top careers were politics, of a high-principled sort; then being a factory inspector; and then being the first woman member of All Souls. We despised women who abandoned their careers when they married, and indeed most of us did not intend to marry at all. Or only as examples of how successful career women could be mothers too.

This meant, of course, that nearly all of us had to despise our own mothers. But we should have done this anyway. They looked awful. Nobody criticised anyone else's mother actually to her face, but you could divide mothers into the shamelessly eccentric (my mother once came



Among them are 78,200 individual Ordinary Stockholders — men and women all over the country, each with an average holding of £272. Ordinary Stockholders? Their money sends giant generators to Quebec and Spain, locomotives to Africa, transformers to Siam; builds atomic power stations, ground control gear for guided missiles, X-ray equipment, TV tubes, washing machines. Their pounds, shillings and pence are transformed into watts, volts and amperes, often for places in the world that have never known the benefit of electricity. They are as ordinary, these stockholders of A.E.I., as anyone can be who has £272 stock invested in the future. AEI *part of a great Britain*

to a school speech-day in a cossack fur hat); the drab in dirty macintoshes; and the frivolous and unprincipled in lipstick. The last were the worst. Generally we despised our fathers too because of their lack of principle, but it was easier for a father's appearance to get by. Several times we commented after speech-days, of course without rudely naming names, that it was odd that so many of our generation should be so much nicer and with so much higher ideals than their parents.

When we talked we liked to eat when we could. We did not eat sweets because that was disgusting and greedy, and all sweets were handed in to the house captains to be shared round the whole house. They were arranged on a plate with the most delicious big sweets, like chocolates and fudge, on the outside edge, and the smaller sweets jumbled together in the middle. Everybody in the house stood in a circle after lunch, and the plate was offered round in order of seniority. It was all right to take one big sweet, but selfish to take two, and we never did.

We always seemed to be hungry, and school meals, even when they finished with slabs of bread and Marmite or great heavy currant puddings and custard, were never enough. But in our Sixth-form sitting-room we had an electric fire which could be put flat on its back ready to cook things on. We boiled up milk for cocoa; and, on Sunday evenings, we toasted pieces of bread with cheese balanced on top, until the cheese melted into the bread in delicious, gummy bubbles and the bread itself was striped black and white from the fire bars. Toast was a luxury: something the school did not have for breakfast. All the time we ate we talked about the world, about Russia, and about our futures; but I never really liked to admit even to myself that it was the melted cheese that was the real high spot of the week.

It's rather sad to write this, because it's sad to think of adolescents growing up and becoming more human but less high-principled. I sometimes see some of my old school friends, and very few of them have the sort of careers we decided were all right. Nearly all of them wear lipstick, although in the rather tentative way of well-bred Englishwomen, and they would have permanent waves if they had the time. But as most of them are married with several small children, they do not have the time. Several of them do social work, or at least knit for good causes, and their daughters, at some sacrifice, are being sent to our old school. The daughters, of course, are still young; but it is in its way sad to think of them too growing up and seeing their mothers eccentric, drab or frivolous, and almost certainly so much less nice, and so much less principled than their own generation.

LOIS MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Life, Life, Life

LIFE has been taking a beating recently in the theatre. Sean O'Casey has written a parable on the subject, J. P. Donleavy performed some picaresque cartwheels around it and Richard Beynon, an Australian, served up a good-sized chunk of the stuff. None, unfortunately, has ended up with much more than a simplification of the real thing.

O'Casey's *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy* (Royal Court) takes place in the village of Nyadnanave, which means, apparently, either 'The Nest of Saints' or 'The Nest of Rogues'. On this ambiguity the whole plot rests. The village is run by the rich, respectable and churchly, represented by two merchants, a priest and a policeman. They are flouted by the young: the merchant's wife, stepdaughter and maid, aided by a wandering accordionist. Between them moves the Cock. To the young, he is an amiable if half-hearted dancing partner; to the old he is a scourge who shakes their roof over their heads and their whisky in its bottle, blows them around with supernatural winds and generally scares the bejeezus out of them; all of which is fair game and mildly amusing. Unfortunately, it is also debilitatingly parochial. If you don't happen to be a Catholic from rural Ireland, the whole thing is no more meaningful than the usual Xmas panto. For Life, as O'Casey figures it here, is nothing more than a little bit of blasphemy, a little bit of love, a bright off-the-shoulder dress or two and his usual rich, alliterative, blank-verse language; a matter, in short, of giving the devil his due. When superstition says, trembling, 'God is good', the Lifers reply 'Ay, and the divil's not a bad fellow either'. And instead of a bolt striking them, the Cock pirouettes approvingly across the stage. It is as though O'Casey's whole philosophy began and ended with Santayana's epigram: 'There is no God and Mary is His Mother'. If you aren't prone to a religious *frisson* there is, as one of his characters says, 'no significality in it'.

There is also precious little significality in the action. Plots keep starting but never finish: the merchant's stepdaughter has a dubious parenthood – but that's not it; his wife was wrong to marry money – but that's not it; her invalid sister goes to Lourdes for a miracle and returns uncured – but that's not it; Father Domineer is hardly on the stage before he strikes dead a worker we've never seen before – but that's not it either. Perhaps if George Devine had directed the thing so that it moved at slightly more than a funeral pace and if Wilfred Lawson had appeared even remotely interested in the proceedings, something might have come across. As it is, J. G. Devlin, Patrick Magee and Etain O'Dell fight against impossible odds.

J. P. Donleavy's adaptation of his novel *The Ginger Man* (Fortune) is very much funnier than the O'Casey but almost as disjointed. It is a picaresque fantasy about a Dublin University law student who has the grimaces of Lucky Jim, the soliloquising manner of Stephen Dedalus, and Jimmy Porter's wife. If these aren't the ingredients for success, what are? It reminded me of the *New Yorker* cartoon in which a writer is saying to his publisher, 'I've tried to make the hero a Dr Zhivago type, while the heroine is a kind of Lolita'. The trouble is that the Ginger Man is on a different scale from the rest of the cast. He strides through the 'June in a warm year' swathed perpetually in a blanket; at moments of crisis he yells naval orders at himself; he is for ever ducking behind furniture like the hero of some Western gun battle, standing on his head, curling up on tables, cadging, shouting, praying, rambling on about his Joycean dreams, feeling sorry for himself and drinking, drinking, drinking. Richard Harris goes through the motions with enormous gusto and delivers his lines at a furious pace. But it is a pity that he is forced to represent Life only by being belligerently larger than the thing itself. For it means that he is everything except sympathetic.

The 'American' fellow-student – twenty-seven and still a voigin – puts him out of the picture every time he appears. This is thanks largely to a brilliant piece of comic acting by Ronald Fraser. But it is also something to do with the scale. By having the courage of his own ludicrousness, Mr Fraser can move effortlessly into tattered dignity, while Mr Harris finds himself stuck, at best, with his high-flown self-pity. This is even plainer in his love life. Wendy Craig plays the stupid, middle-class English wife with a rhetoric as shallow as and more uncomprehending than the Ginger Man's. She makes her stock responses no matter what he says. So does he. But when she walks out and he settles into a brief liaison with the lodger, Miss Frost, the balance of insensitivity is upset. For Miss Frost, as interpreted by Isabel Dean, makes a big mistake; she listens to what he says, she registers, responds, pities him, falls a little in love. She treats him, in a word, as though he were a human being, not a circus turn. The result is not only that she, inevitably, lands on her nose in the sawdust, leaving him in the middle of the ring banging his big Joycean drum; she also adds a dimension of serious feeling to the play, which makes the hero's megalomania seem trivial. Mr Donleavy is not the great hymner of Life he at first appears; he is a creator of grotesques. In the hands of this talented cast, his caricatures are immensely funny, provided you remember that any resemblance to real people, living or dead, is entirely accidental.

Not so with *The Shifting Heart* (Duke of York's). This is a determined piece of realism with serious intentions, and it is almost very successful. Richard Beynon has tackled the race problem in its Australian disguise: the minority group is made up of Italian immigrants and the setting is a Melbourne suburb. But the machinery and characters are the same as those of any other problem play: Momma and Poppa are the permissive elder generation, amiable and anxious to avoid trouble; their young son has been brought up in the place and can't understand why he's not accepted; his elder sister has learned the answer painfully by marrying an Australian – race feelings are breaking up their marriage and causing her miscarriage after miscarriage; there is the usual friendly neighbour and the usual crop of prejudice – this time, a cop; between the camps hovers Clarry, the daughter's husband, dumb, violent, puzzled by the tension. It takes the son's murder – kicked to death in a dance-hall brawl – to make him realise which side he is on.

The machinery, in fact, is so simple and conventional that Mr Beynon has a good deal of trouble in making it do all the work he wants. For he is trying, I presume, to create an image of Australian life and sensibility at the same time as he dramatises the problem. It is here that the convention trips him. For his characters are merely so many stock types, who can't break their set pattern however well they act – and Mimo Billi gives a wonderfully rich performance as Poppa – or however much they talk. So Mr Beynon elaborates and elaborates while the play stands stock still. The only real bit of freshness in the whole business is Madge Ryan as the friendly neighbour. Since she is there simply to show that decency exists, even in Melbourne, she is not tied to any convention. She can be witty, tough and, at one point, frighteningly honest, without slowing things down. If the criticism of

MARATHON

How BEST at election time can television serve the public?

Granada TV Network thinks that one of its jobs at election time is to let candidates put their own case directly to voters in their homes — something only television can do — and provide them with the facts which will help them to make up their minds. This is a first time and, as with all first times, it is experimental.

Granada TV's main election programme is "Election Marathon". Out of 153 constituencies in the Granada Northern Region, all candidates in 98 constituencies have so far agreed in principle to go on the air. Subject to last minute alterations, dates scheduled are:

Monday September 28th

Channel 9, afternoon: Birkenhead, Blackburn, Blackpool North, Blackpool South & Bolton West. Evening: Accrington & Bolton East.

Channel 10, afternoon: Bolsover, Doncaster, Hull East, Hull North & Hull West. Evening: Leeds East & Leeds North-East.

Tuesday September 29th

Channel 9, afternoon: Crewe, Chorley, Clitheroe, Ince & Darwen: Evening: Huyton, Eccles, Farnworth, Chester & Barrow.

Channel 10, afternoon: Lincoln, Rother Valley & Mansfield. Evening: Leeds South-East, Leeds West, Bassetlow & Pudsey.

Wednesday September 30

Channel 9, afternoon: Lancaster, Morecambe & Lonsdale, Ormskirk, Kirkdale & Wigan. Evening: Middleton & Prestwich, Newton, Westhoughton & Widnes.

Channel 10, afternoon: Attercliffe, Heeley, Bridlington, Scarborough & Thirsk. Evening: Rotherham, Wakefield & York.

Thursday October 1st

Channel 9, afternoon: Denbigh, West Flint, North Fylde, Wythenshawe, Preston North, Openshaw, Withington & Cheetham. Evening: Ardwick, Blackley, Manchester Exchange, Moss Side & Altrincham & Sale.

Channel 10, afternoon: Goole, Hemsworth, Haltenprice & Dearne Valley.

Friday October 2nd

Channel 9, afternoon: Preston South, St. Helen's, Southport, Leek, Wallasey, Wrexham & East Flint. Evening: Warrington, Rochdale, Salford West & Stretford.

Channel 10, afternoon: Brigg & Brightside. Evening: Bradford South.

Monday October 5th

Channels 9 and 10, afternoon: Brighouse & Spendborough, Huddersfield East, Huddersfield West, Keighley, Shipley & Skipton. Evening Cheadle, Macclesfield, Stalybridge & Hyde.

Tuesday October 6th

Channels 9 and 10, afternoon: Oldham West, Colne Valley, Penistone, Heywood & Royton, Rossendale & Gorton. Evening: Stockport North, Stockport South, Nelson & Colne & Oldham East.

Other Granada Election Broadcasts are: 'Fast Focus', a brief discussion programme immediately following each party political (TV) broadcast; 'How an Election Works', two programmes: September 28 & October 5; 'Now is the Time', October 2 & 'Last Debate', October 6.

As all this is experimental, Granada welcomes constructive views for the future. Write, after October 8th please, to Election Desk —

GRANADA TV NETWORK

Manchester, 3.

Australia had been done from the inside, through her and her type, Mr Beynon might have found himself adding something really original to the modern theatre.

A. ALVAREZ

Obsession with the Young

THE Russians never do anything by halves, and the moon-rocket bang and Krushchev's transit find a faint echo here in two film festivals. The first comes as an exchange of festivals between the British Council and the Soviet Ministry of Culture. Our own films to be shown in three Russian cities include *Richard III*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Genevieve* – but also *Geordie* and *Woman in a Dressing Gown*; and it would seem that the Russian programme chosen for us is similarly mixed: seven features and seven documentaries, in fact.

I was able to see the kick-off at the Curzon with *Lights of Ziguli* and *Their Lives are in Your Hands*. The first is a documentary in colour about the Kuibyshev hydro-electric power station; demonstration of achievement; some shots imposing; so too is the voltage carried out over the pylons, to realise a grand dream of Lenin's; but the whole thing amounts to little more than sightseeing, and the voltage of the film-makers is depressingly low. The other film is a feature dramatising the discovery of buried rockets and the evacuation of a town, but it manages to make even this operation long-winded, tedious, and bland. No sign *here* of any new look in Soviet films. The Everyman, taking no chances, is putting on a six-week season which begins with *The Cranes Are Flying* and *Quiet Flows the Don* and ends, unchallengeably, with the Gorki trilogy. I gather, however, that among later items at the Curzon three may be worth looking out for: *The Destiny of a Man*, *The Captain's Daughter*, and *Teenagers*.

The last especially should have interest, if only for the attitude adopted and stray revelations about a subject which more and more engrosses film-makers, not-so-young some of them, in the West. Next Monday, at the Curzon, will be shown *Les Cousins*, Claude Chabrol's second and (I am told) second best film, *Le Beau Serge* being the first in all senses. A third film proved a great disappointment at Venice recently. Not having, like most people, had the chance till now of seeing any of these films, I found *Les Cousins* absorbing, yet another exploration of youth, an *éducation sentimentale* both fresh and – as one might expect – artfully exuding staleness.

The enormous difference between this film (made by a young Frenchman who is only twenty-eight years old) and others with the same theme is that it has a tradition and literature behind it. Cousin Charles comes from the country to study law and to lodge with Paul, a rich, mildly Satanic exquisite, also a law student but more obsessed with pleasure and party-giving. Town mouse plays the cat with country mouse; beds his girl; rules the gang; idly sails through the exam which the other, unhinged, fails. Then the poor Cousin, truly loving, honestly hard-working, flung down on all counts in this wicked Paris, takes one of the many firearms decorating the super-flat, slips in one slug, revolves the chambers, and presses the trigger against the sleeping tempter. It clicks. The revolver is thrown aside. Afterwards the diabolic one picks it up and in his fashion idly 'shoots' this cousin from the country – who falls dead. There's a rat-tat at the door; still holding the gun, the killer goes to open.

This – to the music of Tristan's Liebestod – makes a perfect, a too perfect ending. Is Chabrol really something new in French films? This is the old requisite finish of beautiful death, which after Carné and Cocteau became a fashion with French film-makers. Though it is, one must admit, reasonably, compellingly done. Then again, how far is this a picture of youth or a pure fiction of Chabrol's? Do wild parties on the Left Bank really start with Mozart on the gramophone, followed by Wagner (Tristan for love, Ride of the Valkyries for orgy), or is it merely that this music best suited the mood of the film-maker? Certainly the Liebestod comes in remarkably pat at the end.

In fact, fascinated though one is by spiritual drama and local atmosphere, one wonders about both. Is the set-up real? What, in the end, does this comi-tragedy mean? That innocence is no match for worldliness? I can't extract very much more. And my feeling about this film – which is a very brilliant one – could be summed up by saying that it artificialises its theme and that this, instead of elucidating, leaves us stirred but puzzled.

In the same programme at the Curzon will be found Karel Reisz's *We Are the Lambeth Boys* (cheered by me when it appeared in the last Free Cinema programme); no exaltation or puzzlement here, just appearances and the facts, and the poetry that rises from discovery. Of course, between Paris fiction and London fact, there's no immediate comparison; but in the end I feel we come off not badly.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Two Cultures—New Version

ONE of the many stories about Mr Lew Grade, a big wheel at Associated TeleVision, tells how he was asked why his company concentrates on entertainment at the expense of culture. Mr Grade, hotly denying the charge, said: 'We've got *Members' Mail*, haven't we?'—naming a fifteen-minute programme involving politicians. When his critic protested that this hardly came under the heading of culture, Mr Grade replied: 'Well, it's not entertainment, is it?'

Last week, as a curtain-raiser to the biggest quiz show of them all, culture came into its own. We'll be seeing quite a lot of it. Besides the party election broadcasts, we will be having the Bernstein marathons in the north, the BBC's regional hustings, and a limited number of programmes in which the word 'election' (boo!) may be guardedly mentioned. But after the Tory Party's first election telecast on Saturday, I am inclined to agree with Mr Grade that it isn't entertainment.

Party political broadcasts have come a long way since the days of the old what-are-the-facts, the-facts-are-these fireside chat. The parties, influenced by *This Week*, the ITN news bulletins, even the commercials, are getting very clever at putting the message over in palatable form. Even Dr Hill's famous show, which was apparently influenced by *Hancock's Half Hour*, was lively television. But with Saturday's programme we were back with the fireside chattery, with Mr Macmillan and four of his ministers lolling around in armchairs, interrupting one another.

It was shocking bad television. Apart from the complacency – and any five men sitting around *agreeing* with each other are bound to sound pretty complacent – it was lamentably short on facts, illustrations, interest, drive, purpose; all the qualities that the political parties are supposed to have been mugging up on those closed circuits of theirs. This was Mr Macleod on the pressing problem of local unemployment: 'I'm wondering if Rab can find a place in the programme next session for a bill which I know David Eccles has been doing a lot of work on at the Board of Trade. . . .' This was Lord Hailsham on the exciting five years ahead of us: 'We've got to think of things which we've left undone because we've been too busy – the, er, the youth service. . . .' Macleod again on the hospital programme: 'I want to put in here if I may a special plea for hospitals and things.' The Prime Minister: 'All I can say, Chancellor of the Exchequer – Derry – you keep on with the good work and we'll be all right.'

Now this may be how ministers talk to each other in private, although I rather doubt it, but it is pretty shabby stuff to offer an audience that has just suffered the inconvenience of having its All Star Movie put back by fifty minutes. And the jokes! Heathcoat Amory: 'I'm looking forward to the day when everybody can have cars but won't need roads!' Macmillan: 'Haw haw haw!' Macleod: 'A helicopter car!' ('Haw, haw haw!') That must have gone over big with the motorists. It probably went over big with the socialists too, but my own view is that *all* election broadcasts must be rattling good television if the parties want to build up a big audience for political programmes.

The Labour Party telecast followed two days later, and looking at it side by side with the Tory programme we have perfect examples of How and How Not. The Labour Party has had the simple but brilliant idea of fashioning its election broadcasts into a magazine series, on *Panorama* lines, called *Britain Belongs to You*, transmitted direct from Labour's 'television operations room'. Unlike the Tory programme, which Macmillan freely admitted had been filmed seven weeks ago, the programme was bang-up-to-date, kicking off with a crack at the Jasper affair. It gave the impression that Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Christopher Mayhew and Woodrow Wyatt had been editing and discarding material right up to the moment of transmission. The programme kept on the move – some items were as short as fifteen seconds, and none longer than five minutes – and above all it actually told us things. Some of the film was the authentic meat-and-two-veg stuff; the sequence of pensioners, for example, twisting their wedding rings and telling us what they would do with an extra ten bob a week. 'The doctor said to me, "Mrs Lavender you should have a nice Guinness night and morning". I said yes, doctor, you give me the money I said, and then I'll get it.' The programme was stuffed with interviews, films, cartoons, charts – even a competition ('Write on a postcard to Hugh Gaitskell your reason for supporting Labour. . . .' Prize: A Labour Government). The result was gimmicky but exciting.

Hugh Gaitskell, who must be converting a great many of the shall-we-help-Hugh school with his vastly improved television personality, looks like being the permanent guest star of the show, for we were promised 'link-ups' in future programmes from wherever he happens to be. I can just see Anthony Wedgwood Benn saying 'Come in, Hugh Gaitskell,' like Richard Dimbleby busy with the Eurovision. Still, it makes good viewing.

The political telecasts followed rather a sad week in which one serious programme after another said good-bye for the duration. Not that it wasn't a good week for culture outside the *Members' Mail* bracket, what with C. P. Snow rambling round Cambridge, Dame Edith Sitwell reading poems in a marked take-it-or-leave-it

Television for Schools

1959 Autumn Term commences September 28th

When Associated-Rediffusion transmitted the first Television Programmes for Schools, in May, 1957, only 80 schools were equipped to receive the programmes. The interest shown in these programmes by children, teachers and parents has steadily increased over the past two and a half years. On some occasions as many as 250,000 home viewers have watched these programmes. Today nearly 900 schools are registered with Associated-Rediffusion to receive Teachers' Notes for the Autumn Term programmes. Three innovations have been approved by the Educational Advisory Council to commence in the Autumn Term:

PROGRAMMES FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS
PROGRAMMES FOR VIth FORMS
A WIDER DAILY CHOICE OF SUBJECTS

Autumn Term Programme Series

THE ARTIST IN THE MODERN WORLD — for VIth Forms. The series, which will be introduced by Sir Kenneth Clark, will present the work and ideas of leading artists of our time. They will be drawn from such differing fields as sculpture, architecture, opera and drama, and should stimulate discussion among arts and science students alike.

THE WORLD AROUND US.—For Primary Schools. Designed for the top classes in primary schools, this miscellany series will be devoted to two major fields; science, and stories of human achievement with a link between the two. There will be a final programme on The Nativity.

ENDLESS ADVENTURE.—Age range 14 and over. The purpose of this series — which runs throughout the school year — is to introduce pupils to the historical development of scientific thought by showing how man's age-old curiosity and need to conquer his environment have led him naturally and inevitably to the exploration of space.

THE CRAFT OF HANDS.—Age range 12-14. Planned and presented by John McCarthy, a sculptor and designer, this series is designed to make children aware of aesthetic values in everyday surroundings, and to encourage them to be more courageous in their own creative work.

These programmes also are available in the areas served by ATV (Midlands), STV (Scotland), TWW (S. Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, TTT (North East), and Anglia Television (East Anglia).

Fuller information about plans for 1959/60 — and details of these Autumn Term programmes — may be obtained from: The Schools Information Office, Associated-Rediffusion Ltd., Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2. HOLborn 7888

manner, and Angus Wilson's first television play, *After the Show*. This was a delight. Although I am all for encouraging new writers, we seem to have had an abundance lately of all those first plays about teenagers. I am glad that ABC Television is making some very real efforts to persuade professional writers into the medium. There's no doubt that professional skill brings in something that most of these plays have been lacking. The bed-sitter and drinking-club country must have been described a thousand times on television, but in Mr Wilson's hands we seemed to be seeing it for the first time. Hermione Baddeley and Jeremy Spenser seemed to have walked straight out of an Angus Wilson short story, and I can't say fairer than that.

My next favourite programme of the week was *Machines That Think* (BBC), a film about electronic brains playing chess, noughts and crosses, etc. I was interested in this because I heard that electronic brains can now write Westerns, and I wanted to catch them at it, writing *Rawhide*. This is the new A-R Thursday series that is supposedly going to keep us all out of the polling booths on the big night. On present performance, I would say it's going to be a record poll.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Lost and Found

BARTOK'S First Piano Concerto has always enjoyed a certain reputation *in absentia*. Apparently the black sheep of a family of three, it was banished from the repertoire on a trumped-up charge, and nothing was heard of it for many years. Premature obituary notices published in the popular textbooks referred to its extreme harmonic brutality and applauded the better manners of Bartok's later works. A quite incompetent performance broadcast five or six years ago by the BBC did nothing to revive what was by then generally held to be a lifeless corpse. Even the professional travellers in Bartok's piano music neglected the Concerto without hesitating to play the other piano works from the same year (1926) – the Sonata, the *Out of Doors* suite, and the nine little pieces. Yet injustices of this kind usually right themselves. Just as the popularity of the Third Piano Concerto led to the revival and almost equal popularity of the second Concerto, so has the second Concerto prepared the way for the revival of the first. Now, thanks to Miss Hephzibah Menuhin, the black sheep has been restored to the fold – three performances in Britain within a short period – and the blackness has been shown to be no more than a surface dip of critic's ink. From the point of view of the Concerto's reputation, the most important of the recent performances took place in London last week at a Promenade concert conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargeant. The enthusiastic applause was an indication that concert promoters now have another major modern concerto that they can include in their programmes with some safety.

Although by no means faultless, the Concerto stands very high amongst modern works in that form. It lacks the frank melodic appeal of the other two Bartok concertos, but the more limited range of the material ensures a greater consistency than in the Second Concerto. As usual with Bartok's large-scale instrumental works, the finale is the weakest movement, but it is by no means a complete failure. During its somewhat uncertain progress a number of excellent things emerge, and the fact that so distinguished a composer as Ravel re-wrote three of them in his G major Piano Concerto – admittedly only subsidiary passages – is a tribute to their vitality. The slow movement avoids the contrasts which at once adorn and threaten the structure of the slow movements in the two later concertos, and finds a unity of its own in the counterpointing of folk-like themes with a highly sensitive and thematic use of percussion. In this movement, and elsewhere in the Concerto, there are moments when *The Miraculous Mandarin* seems about to resume his indecent ostinato circlings. But it is a measure of the new assurance which Bartok had found by 1926 that the ostinati are part of a real harmonic movement. They take their place in the larger design instead of twisting themselves into immobility, as they sometimes do in the earlier ballet. Indeed, if any work deserves the criticisms which have been misapplied to the First Concerto, it is *The Miraculous Mandarin*.

The lyrical and dramatic aspects of the Concerto sometimes suffer from certain textural miscalculations that required more careful handling than one could expect from a Prom performance, yet there is much that is accessible to a wide audience. If the Concerto succeeds in attracting the kind of public that rashly welcomed a work like the Khatchaturyan Piano Concerto, Bartok's so-called iconoclasm will have justified itself magnificently. Both the public and the repertoire will be the richer.

The other event of the week has been the opening of Covent Garden's first Ring Cycle this season, under Franz Konwitschny. So far, only *Das Rheingold* has been heard, and I shall defer discussion of the production until there has been an opportunity to compare it with *Die Walküre*.

DAVID DREW

Status Seeking

EVERY day jazz is becoming culturally more respectable. To be precise, two quite different things are happening simultaneously. On the one hand, there are the usual attempts – more common, for obvious reasons, in the USA than elsewhere – to give jazz the accolade of accepted culture by putting it into symphonic programmes, summer schools, university courses and the like. On the other, there are the more numerous and significant attempts to make other cultural articles more attractive by borrowing jazz appeal; of which the Sunday TV programme known in the trade as 'Jumping with Jesus' is the most obvious. Messrs Christopher Logue and Charles Fox, whose jazz-and-poetry experiments still re-echo in the columns of the *Twentieth Century* and on record (*Red Bird*, Parlophone EP) frankly use jazz, among other things, to increase the sparse audience for poetry, though probably without success. But by far the most systematic attempt to draw jazz into the orbit of other arts has been made by the films. In the past two or three years the practice of commissioning film-scores from serious jazz musicians has become almost as fashionable as that of making socially conscious musicals. Several examples are before us now: Ellington's sound-track – his first – for *Anatomy of a Murder* (Philips BBL 7338), Mandel-Mulligan's for *I Want To Live* (LTZ-T 15160-1), and, of course, the French ones, of which the most recent and unsuccessful is Thelonious Monk's sound track for Vadim's and Vailland's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

What has gone wrong with this at first sight exciting collaboration is simple and instructive. Roger Vadim is a technically bright director who, in spite of a good elementary feel for the moods of weather, sex and decadence, has always lacked any sensitiveness to the world around him. He has merely observed that the people he makes films about listen to jazz in between, and sometimes while, making love, and therefore appears to regard jazz as little more than a suitably chosen background noise. So no doubt it is for them, but that is not enough for a film-score, especially not for one of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, even for a version deprived of most of what made that book terrible and haunting in its original version, the transposition of revolutionary crisis into sexual terms. When Vadim commissioned the Modern Jazz Quartet to do the music for *Sait-on-jamais?* (LTZ-K 15140), John Lewis did the job of fitting the music to the sense and movement of the film for him. But, unlike John Lewis, Thelonious Monk, an eccentric and original composer, is also an almost purely self-contained one, who, one may guess, is not greatly interested in expressing or following moods other than his own, even if he were capable of understanding, or sympathising with, what the characters in this film are after. In brief, all we observe is the pursuit of absolute logic by means of sex to the occasional accompaniment of music by Thelonious Monk. Good music: Monk is invariably worth listening to. But not a film-score.

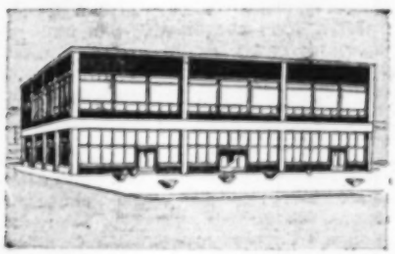
Culture makes only a few tentative incursions into the massive programme of *Newport Festival Jazz* which opened at the Festival Hall last Saturday, and that mainly in the performance of Dave Brubeck, whose piano borrows heavily from classical techniques which are perhaps unfamiliar to jazz audiences but otherwise not striking. I am told that at a subsequent concert the Brubeck Quartet came to life. My own view, that its merits are modest, is not modified by a second hearing, though one cannot deny talent and devotion to Paul Desmond, who lectures mildly down his saxophone like an economics don evolving a theory of international trade. However, Joe Morello is a beautifully delicate and elegant drummer, if a very academic one. Brubeck was followed by Dizzy Gillespie in a Somali cap, light-grey suit, hornrimmed glasses and bent trumpet. Mr Gillespie (nobody who plays an instrument with such effortless technical command and musical intelligence should be patronised, even by reviewers) is as old-fashioned and vulgar a showman as Louis Armstrong: a mugger, a scene-stealer, a music-hall comedian. He is at the same time an intellectual, and doubtless the only reason why he is no longer, as he once was, the acknowledged chief of the *avant-garde*, is because the fashion there is for a more serious, introverted and humourless type of behaviour. He played everybody else in the programme under the table with contemptuous ease. I rather think that he is a great man.

The Buck Clayton All Stars, who are a seasoned band of campaigners from way back in the Thirties, had some difficulty in establishing themselves after Gillespie, but within a short time their straightforward professional swinging reconquered the audience. Buck Clayton himself, blowing lightly and strongly, a master-craftsman with feeling; Dickie Wells, still a wonderful trombonist; Emmett Berry, clear as only a jazz trumpet can be, and the rest, stood round on the stage like people at a cocktail party, moving casually into an old-fashioned front line to blow the audience out of their seats. The noble Jimmy Rushing, after a poor start, finished strongly with the immortal blues *Goin' To Chicago* and *Sent For You Yesterday*. The old stuff is still irresistible.

Culture enters hardly at all into the music of Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, the blues-singers who are once again with us. Anyone who does not go to hear them is a fool.

FRANCIS NEWTON

PRESS **for the answer**



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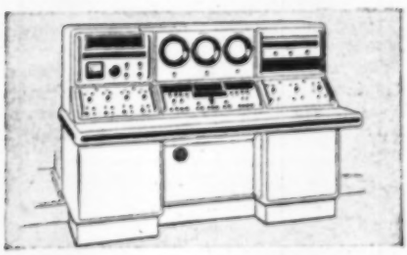

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SOCIALIST FASHIONS

SIR,—I have, so you imply on your front page—19 September—the ability to choose a dress and choose a party. This is 'Western Democracy'; a half-truth we are living and greatly deceiving ourselves about. My ability to choose a dress is determined and conditioned by the dress-snobbery imposed by current values—i.e., capitalist values, as we live in a capitalist society. The clothes paraded by couture houses on peculiarly shaped clothes-horses, to pander to the snobbery of the rich, are scaled down and eventually come my way. So that my husband 'gets on', my sons are not ashamed of their mother *vis-à-vis* other mothers, and to be acceptable to my friends and acquaintances, I choose from among these clothes.

Poor Krushchevs! In comfortable clothes, which doubtless kept them as warm as they required, and seemed to fulfil the requirements of decency, they alas! have not the ability to choose a decent frock, acceptable to capitalist eyes, whereon is stamped the cachet of Dior. If only they had more political parties, one at least a capitalist party, then they would also presumably have a few other capitalist institutions, including those which exploit vanity and snobbery to make fortunes.

I have my ability to choose a political party. The Liberals are happy with capitalism, except for minor details; the Conservatives exist to conserve it. I do not believe in capitalism; I have the greatest distaste for the Communist Party. This lands me up in the Labour Party camp, with semi-Welfare State ideas, apathy and staleness.

I should prefer, surely any sane person would prefer, a world in which clothes were of the least importance, as long as everyone had sufficient of them; a world in which higher ideas and values were extant than the desirability of parading Her Majesty the Queen before the world in satin and pearls (British made, of course!). Long may Mesdames Krushchev remain dowdy.

ROBERTA KOHNSTAMINI

10 Grafton Terrace
Rhiwbina
Cardiff

SIR,—Whilst agreeing with most of your editorial remarks on the Krushchev American visit, I think you may be wrong on the matter of the Russian women. Mrs K. impressed the women of America with her simplicity, her independence and her intelligence. The Russian woman is not regarded as a plaything to be dressed up for the titillation of the male. She is regarded as a partner and equal.

In this matter many Labour supporters and leaders suffer from the complacency and antipathy to change with which you charge the Tories. Labour has consistently refused to take action for the implementation of the principle of equal pay, whilst deeming it expedient to pay it lip service.

If you look down the advertisements for women workers you will find that most are expected to live at or below subsistence level unless they are supported by a man. Even so, let them dare appear without their nylons, exaggerated bosoms or obeissance to the quick-change dictates of the fashion lords! This is not freedom or comfort. It is a form of slavery.

C. M. CHEKE

4 Beatrice Court
Empire Way
Wembley Park

KRUSHCHEV IN THE U.S.

SIR,—The world at large has now had an uncensored report of how America—a so-called Christian nation—treats (or ill-treats) the Premier of a country holding different views from her.

It will be interesting to see, when President Eisenhower visits Russia, if his hosts prove to be better mannered, as well as better technicians, than their American counterparts.

R. DAVID

Brook, Albury, Guildford

MOONSHINE

SIR,—Nobody seems to have asked the most important question about Russia's moon rocket . . . what effect will it have on the world's poetry?

Overnight the moon has been transformed from a poet's 'space' on the moon would be worth 100 full pages of the *News of the World*. Already the first slogan has been scrawled on it—the hammer and sickle. At the moment it is invisible to the human eye. But who can doubt that it will be followed by bigger and better slogans, and that they will embrace an ever-widening field of competition, not only political but commercial?

One day some Keats as yet unborn will look up through his casement to the ancient source of his inspiration. Across the moon's pale face he will read 'MOONO washes brightest of all'. It is a frightening thought, but we might as well face it. 'No litter' is already a sign that we must apply to the Elysian fields.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—Mr Bennett in his letter recently gave some of the reasons why provincial Labour clubs are not as strong as they ought to be, and he showed how Mr Lipton could get a wrong impression by looking at the membership figures. As in Birmingham, we in Aberdeen have to put up with the fact that all the students either live at home or in digs; but we have no active discouragement of participation in student activities. Of course, the same conditions prevail for science students, so that the majority of our members come from the Arts Faculty. Further to that, the buildings of the university are scattered throughout the city; also we are a small community.

However, these facts are not the most important—what really hurts the Labour movement in Aberdeen is that, though one percentage of working-class students is no doubt about the average, very few are class-conscious, and many of those who are class-conscious are trying to lose their working-class roots.

But we can lay far too much emphasis on membership statistics: only two years ago our Labour Club (now merged into the Socialist Society) was a very enthusiastic, active, and successful body with a paid-up membership of 12, while the Tories, with 70 members, were as good as dead. The success of the small club can only be put down to the fact that its members were enthusiastic Socialists, who were concerned with Socialism rather than an amorphous group of Labour Party card-carriers. Since then, the club collapsed, because it lost its zeal and its love of discussion; by forgetting Socialism, and by not discussing and criticising the policies of the party we came to a state in which, although we could do the party no harm, we could do it no good.

JOHN F. ROSS
Chairman
Aberdeen University Socialist Society

THE STATE AND THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—Mr Peter Winch's fears that a Royal Commission would damage the universities as 'centres of genuinely independent inquiry' can hardly be borne out by the results of earlier Royal Commissions. In fact, as Mr Graeme Moodie points out in his valuable Fabian pamphlet, the opposite has been the case.

The obvious solution of the major problems facing the universities—suggested but not definitely endorsed by Mr Moodie—is progressively to eliminate undergraduate entry at the major universities and to found numerous fresh universities which, along with the existing lesser universities and colleges, would award first degrees only. In the arts field, the major universities could probably be defined as those with copyright libraries—Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh and Aberystwyth, with the possible addition of Manchester. In scientific subjects the list would probably not be different, but special exemption would have to be given to special existing facilities such as, for instance, the School of Tropical Medicine at Liverpool.

To follow this course would vastly simplify the problems of rapid university expansion, for new college communities could be readily built in rural or semi-rural surroundings, without the need to attempt to duplicate the research facilities of Oxbridge; and Oxbridge itself would be relieved of the need to expand and further ruin its existing amenities. Further, the social distinctions involved in university entry would be largely eliminated by the removal of the direct link between the independent schools and Oxbridge.

This then is the logical solution: but I am aware that it would challenge many vested interests, and would require the power of the state to accomplish it. That is why I favour an occasional Royal Commission.

HENRY PELLING

The Queen's College
Oxford

OPINION POLLS

SIR,—There is a possible source of error in political public opinion polls that I have never seen referred to, and that is incapable of assessment. There is no doubt that a certain number of individuals, whether justifiably or not, consider it wiser not to disclose their support of the Labour Party except to known sympathisers.

E. M. M. HUME

15 Albert Mansions
Luxborough Street
W1

THE SINGAPORE STORY

SIR,—Nigel Nicolson is quite right when he says that the troops were resentful—but not because of the discovery that Singapore was not the fortress which it was claimed to be; that must have been apparent to many of the rank and file if not to their leaders. The resentment was caused by the social ostracism which the serviceman had suffered at the hands of his civilian countrymen in Singapore and Malaya in the years before the war. The following are extracts from the letters of my brother, a young naval Petty Officer (ex-grammar school matriculation boy), who, stationed in the Far East during the years 1937-39 and 1941-42, learned to loathe the British resident of Malaya, Singapore and Hong Kong:

17 January 1942

The remittance men do not seem to relish the idea of defending their social conventions in my part of the world. My attitude is somewhat cynical. I wonder if evening dress is the correct attire in a Singapore air raid shelter after six o'clock. I have every sympathy for the natives, none for the Britishers.

11 February 1942

The most momentous news at the moment and perhaps the most ironical is that the local seamen and soldiers' institute is being used to shelter refugees from Snobabaya and Snobopore, those two late bastions of Snobocracy. When I heard the news, I smiled a bitter smile, remembering how in the halcyon days, they closed their doors on us. Our uniform to them was the modern version of the yellow robe and bell of the medieval leper. The despised dirty horrible filthy loathsome sailors brought them to safety—the same men from whom they moved away in the theatres and other public places because they feared to catch the social leprosy with which we were supposed to be afflicted.

15 February 1942

The gin drinking fraternity of planters, remittance men and sun-touched colonels does not appear to have been too keen to defend their artificial social system. I saw some of the fleeing females of the species. Haggard hatchet-faced women showing every sign of physical and moral decadence. Hong Kong and Singapore were strongholds of social rather than military importance.

My brother was lost in the *Hermes*, sunk by Japanese aircraft on 9 April 1942. Lest anyone should think his descriptions are warped by personal bitterness I would mention that similar sentiments are expressed by Russell Braddon in his book on Singapore—*The Naked Island*.

ROBERT THOMAS

18 Wythens Road
Heald Green
Cheadle, Cheshire

WISDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—I am grateful to you for the publication of my letter in your issue of 12 September. I have to add to what I wrote in that letter that I believe you are wholly wrong in your classification of Mr Masani and in your assumption that I reluctantly joined hands with him in starting the Swatantra party. It is I that was responsible for the founding of this party, and there was no kind of reluctance such as you describe. I regret I failed to cover this point in my previous letter.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

60 Bazlullah Road,
Tyagarayanagar,
Madras, India

STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—A friend of mine was walking on Hampstead Heath one evening recently when he was approached by two men who stated that they were police officers and proceeded to arrest my friend on a charge of persistently importuning for immoral purposes. Although he denied the charge he was taken to Divisional Police Headquarters. The driver of the police car was heard to remark to the officers, 'You've been a long while getting someone tonight'. My friend had no money on him at the time, in itself a significant fact in view of the nature of the charge, and had a very long walk back to his home. Next morning he was charged at the local court and, despite his denial on oath that he had approached or spoken to anyone during his walk, he was given a heavy fine. The moral of this grim affair? Don't walk on the Heath after dusk and question all candidates at the General Election as to their attitude to legislation on the lines of the Wolfenden report regarding homosexual practices. It is high time something was done to prevent police officers spending their time snooping in public places, a degrading task for themselves, and with dire social and financial consequences for their often innocent victims.

WILLIAM C. A. POVEY

All Saints' Vicarage
Child's Hill
NW2

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—After reading all the Casement correspondence in your columns (and especially that of last week) one is led toward two conclusions: (1) that the diarjes are not forgeries and (2) that Casement was not a practising homosexual. Seemingly contradictory though these are, could not the explanation be that Casement wrote in his diary not what he had actually done but what he would have liked to do, i.e., that he was recording his erotic fantasies and getting the same sort of perverted pleasure out of it as those people who scribble rude words and drawings on the walls of public lavatories? I know nothing about Casement and only put this suggestion forward for consideration by the experts.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY

Rochdale Reform Association
144 Drake Street
Rochdale, Lancs

PORT OF CALL

SIR,—William Whitebait writes in your issue of 19 September that 'Ingmar Bergman's *Port of Call* will be new except to those who met it during the season at the National Film Theatre'. Not so. It was shown almost exactly ten years ago—on 13 November 1949—by the Film Guild in Edinburgh where the quality of Bergman's work was first recognised in Britain, many years before it was recently 'discovered' in London, and where a number of his films have had their first British performances, either by the Guild or at the Film Festival. His *Wild Strawberries* was shown at last year's Festival and, this year, *The Face*.

In the same article Mr Whitebait writes of *Gold of Naples* having at last reached London in a regrettably mutilated form. It was shown in its original form at the Edinburgh Film Festival in 1955.

FORSYTH HARDY

14 Greenhill Gardens
Edinburgh 10

CHEKHOV CENTENARY

SIR,—In connection with the forthcoming centenary of the birth of Anton Chekhov, the Museum of the Moscow Art Theatre is organising an exhibition on Chekhov's plays abroad, and the Director of the Museum is appealing for material about production of plays in Great Britain over the years, even if it is no more than one photograph of a production.

While gifts of photographs, programmes or posters would be appreciated, loans would be equally acceptable, and we have the assurance of the Moscow Art Theatre that material lent will be returned with deep gratitude after the exhibition.

If any of your readers can help by sending photographs to the MAT Museum it would be greatly appreciated. The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR will be glad to act as an intermediary, or material may be sent direct to the following address: Moscow, K-9, Pr Khudozhestvennogo Teatra 3-a, Muzei MKhAT.

H. C. CREIGHTON
Secretary
Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR
14 Kensington Square
W8

CARDINAL WISEMAN

SIR,—I am preparing a biography of Nicholas, Cardinal Wiseman (1802-1865), first Archbishop of Westminster, for which purpose the Wiseman archives at Archbishop's House, Westminster, have been made available to me. I would be most grateful if anyone possessing letters or documents would kindly communicate with me. Any papers sent will be treated with great care and returned as soon as copies have been made.

BRIAN FOTHERGILL

86 Hamilton Terrace
NW8

YAS MINA

Who are they? They are Algerian Refugee Children. Tiny little people . . . orphans. For months they have been wandering amongst the rocks and caves hunting for food which they rarely got. Frightened at being lost . . . longing for love and friendship the little people's eyes spoke of no hope.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Pio Baroja: An Independent Temper

HEMINGWAY (to Pío Baroja, when the old Spanish novelist was dying in 1956):

> Allow me to pay this small tribute to you who taught so much to those of us who wanted to be writers when we were young. I deplore the fact that you have not yet received the Nobel Prize, especially when it was given to so many who deserved it less, like me, who am only an adventurer.
>
> *Baroja: Caramba!*

The episode is reported in an American translation of *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía**. Baroja was always terse, modest and enigmatic. Known, but little read outside the Spanish-speaking world which is very much shut up in itself, Baroja had no international fame. There would have been as big a row in Spain if he had been awarded the Nobel Prize as there was in Russia about the award to Pasternak, for Spain and Russia run neck and neck for the prize of being countries hostile to their great writers. Where the Russian censorship is traditionally brutal and trades on the jealousy of authors, the Spanish is fanatical and issues the sour milk of ecclesiastical meanness and contumely. The Spanish Church hated Baroja; Baroja snuffed its candles, as he passed by, with a contempt all the more offensive for being negligent. He reminds one of some homeless person one sees in the streets, who stops to look at a woman, a shop window, a litter box, gives a sniff and shuffles on. In life, he was, of course, a frugal and bookish bachelor; his house in the Basque provinces had retained the long lost, traditional Basque *genre*. One was back in the Napoleonic invasion or the Carlist wars and when the housekeeper got the football results over the telephone on Sunday evenings, she did so with the shouting energy of a peasant taking secret messages. To let one into the house she dangled an enormous key on a piece of rope from the first floor.

Attempts were made in the Twenties and Thirties to interest readers in English translations of Baroja's works, without much success. He wrote 120 novels and some collections of pugnacious dismissals. Many Spanish artists – Picasso, Galdós, Lope de Vega, are examples – never stop once they get going. Simple and direct, his novels are like collections of long telephone messages or telegrams, punctuated by character sketches, and they are divided into the excellent early novels which observe low life in Madrid and lonely lives in the provinces; the memoirs of an uncle, who was mixed up in adventures and intrigues in the nineteenth century; and the Basque novels. There are one or two books about foreign cities – Amsterdam and London, for example – in which he fails to make contact with us. He needed the intense, local preoccupation of Spaniards with Spain, where such things as the changed name of a street or accounts of shops where clericals or anti-clericals held their *tertulias*, are immediately evocative. Baroja's brevity – as a portraitist he reminds one a little of Aubrey in *Brief Lives* – can be filled out by the Spanish reader who moves easily between fact and rumour and has a natural disposition for pungent, rag-picking anecdote; but the flavour vanishes in English; Spanish egotism gets lost in the order that reigns north of the Pyrenees. It becomes even thin and puritanic. As time went by, Baroja's peculiar indifference, which had been his virtue, lost its edge. The impersonal messages issued from a machine whose operator had left it to carry on by itself.

But the spell which Baroja imposed at his best was unmistakable. All nations are liable to self-falsification and for Spaniards, rhetoric was certainly their downfall at the turn of the century. A famous generation of intellectuals recognised the fact and Baroja cut through it, simply, as a story-teller, and without intellectualising. He set down his 'brief lives' of people and families, recording their hopes, errors, pretences and fates, with sardonic precision. It was like reading the newspaper, for his novels have no plots. No idea forces daily life into some pattern of value or moral struggle, unless it is pity for illusion. Disbeliever, pessimist, anthropologist collecting data in which gossip has its place, Baroja breaks off abruptly. He is an anarchist. Society is disagreeable. He looks for the inexplicable outbreak in human character.

The impulse behind *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía* is the desire of the narrator to show that old Basque families like his own talk a lot of nonsense about their traditions and ancestry. He decides to write his memoirs because the family and town require 'a great man' and his object is to offend his relations. He digs up undesirables in the slave trade and in prison. After a long-drawn-out battle with his mother, he is able to marry his lost cousin. This encounter would be highly romantic in other novelists; but Baroja has the Basque dislike of too much female company. Study a woman's character first; that will destroy any likelihood of your falling in love; that achieved, you can marry and escape to the Icelandic fisheries. For jealousy and family love are the life-blood of women and cruelty gives them most pleasure. Remember that and go away as much as possible. Baroja's women are real enough, but his novels don't give them an inch. Love? It is something other people have got themselves mixed up in. Shanti Andía, the sailor, recognises that he has idealised women in his youth and records, with satisfaction, his beautiful wife's bickerings with her mother-in-law.

There is loneliness and withdrawal from feeling in Baroja. There is a perverse humour. There is most warmth in his Basque novels; he loves the little country, the Pyrenean mists in the mornings, the Biscayan storms, the changes of light on the soft hills and the sound of the rain. *Shanti Andía* is a haphazard idyll in which these things are tenderly observed. The book has a bold ring; it never pretends and uses no conventional tricks. It speaks in the voice of a knotty character who has not lost his simplicity. One can see what Hemingway meant if one looks at some of the portraits:

> Don Matías was the archetype of the good bourgeois, the good middle-class burgher: he was brutal, a slave to routine, indelicate and, in his heart, immoral. All routine seemed to him holy and precedent was the best of all reasons. . . . The chief clerk, a gossipy chap from Jeréz who knew him well, used to say that his employer spent his time cutting up paper for the toilet and sharpening pencils as slowly as possible, so that he might appear as a continually busy person in the eyes of his family. Even in these habits he proved himself niggardly, for he gave a very short point to the pencils and he cut the paper very small.

There is an astonishing collection of lives on the slaver on which one of Shanti Andía's relatives sails – Baroja thinks nothing of drifting over to other people's narratives – and each of them is strange and is completed by a glint of an incurable ego or an inner life. Baroja's eye was for ambiguity: our habit of analysis and explanation has tended to iron this out and, indeed, if one describes such characters one is generally accused of collecting eccentricity – as if this were not the general condition of human nature. For Baroja, the core of difference in us is the very source of life. He is interested in what is unanswerably ourselves. At any rate, there is Don José, sympathetic, generous, noble 'in gesture and attitude and a man of his word'. He has only one defect: he is a thief. He steals for pleasure in the act and for no other motive. His masterpiece is a 'beautiful subtraction' from a church in South America:

> When he was asked if, as a religious man, he did not feel terrible remorse at this type of crime, he said he did not, because he had committed it with certain mental reservations and, moreover, had felt and still felt a noble impulse to change his ways.

Baroja has also the art of noting the jabber of ordinary men. Here is a description of life on a ship. The Basque officers, in a ship crewed by crooks, were –

> indifferent to all the turmoil and habituated to our privileged position would shut ourselves up to play cards and gamble our earnings. We would carry on endless discussions about the most stupid subjects: for instance, we would argue as to which of our home towns was biggest and best and we would go so far as to count the houses in each town.

Baroja was very much a sedentary man who withdrew from passion and violence, but he was preoccupied with adventure and action. These were not necessarily physical. He wrote out of the energy of a disrespectful mind. He had the bluntness of an old-fashioned doctor. In a way, his scientific bent was violent. As a Basque, he stood apart from Castilians and considered Andalusians ridiculous; but he was just as short with the Basques and was utterly opposed to their nationalism, scornful of their historical pretensions, and considered their culture dead. It was a band of Navarrese fanatics who drove him out of his house in the Civil War when he was an old man, because of his anti-Basque opinions and his refusal to follow the fashionable rhetoric. Like many others of his generation, he had committed the crime of being a

* *The Restlessness of Shanti Andía and other writings.* By PÍO BAROJA. Translated by ANTHONY KERRIGAN. *Mayflower: Michigan.* 52s.

European – at least to the extent that he admitted to being anything. His pessimism, or rather his sense of nothingness – the famous *Nada* – is incurable, but there is a good deal of the comic in his writing. The present volume contains the dreadful yet hilarious portrait of a sponging Madrid poet and journalist who was a master of imposition and who ended as a spiritualist and alcoholic. He was eventually shot in the Civil War. Baroja has this comment on him at the stage when the bloodthirsty poet was boasting that he had 'personally accounted for two hundred men'.

> It may have been no more than show and bluster but the hatred that welled up in Galvez during the war was a sadistic consequence of all the suppressed humiliations that had fermented in his soul. This kind of reaction is the most repulsive part of any civil war. Hatreds based on frustrated vanity, on low and miserable failures, are stirred up. . . . The spectacle of humanity when these sentiments are aroused is not a very pleasant one. It is, rather, shameful and sad.

The portrait ends on a typically Barojan note on Galvez in prison:

> . . . And then he wrote a sonnet on his Last Hour, which he passed to one of the prisoners. A guard took the sonnet away from the other prisoner and tore it up.

Mr Anthony Kerrigan's long introduction is interesting anecdotally, but is insubstantial as criticism. His translation is fairly good. I notice he mistakes the meaning of the Spanish word 'genial' when he translates Ortega y Gasset's eulogy of Baroja, saying that he 'furnishes an example of genial independence in the midst of a society like our own where everything is compromise and surrender'. He means 'the independent spirit, genius, or temper'. Genial in our sense Baroja never was, but dry, curt, sardonic in humour, simple, malign. He was reckoned to write bad Castilian because he wrote it as a foreign language; but Hemingway is right when he says that this curious master of the picaresque was a teacher. He was entirely original – as some of his dialogue, play-like fantasies show – he was a wilful breaker of conventions and followed very closely the incalculable footsteps on the stairs and pavements of life.

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It was a quiet night, you will remember:
warm, with a little mist among the trees;
we had left two children sleeping; the ease
of ten years' loving was between. You were

in a broken mood, remember; I talked
as though I understood the world; the mist
between the trees, concealing lovers, kissed
your mood and pulled your hair uncurled. We walked

where we had been before we married; quiet
it was with my voice droning on; ten years
I talked away before I carried your mood
and you to where the grass was long, and tight
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Trotsky Without Lenin

The Prophet Unarmed: Trotsky, 1921-1929. By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *Oxford.* 38*s.*

In 1921 Trotsky was second only to Lenin in Soviet Russia. As Commissar for War, he had just brought the civil war to a victorious conclusion; he was incomparably the greatest orator and most brilliant writer in the Communist party; the two names 'Lenin and Trotsky' were synonymous throughout the world with the Bolshevik revolution. Three years later Lenin was dead. Five years after that, Trotsky left Russia for ever, a disregarded and helpless exile, surviving in Soviet eyes only as a counter-revolutionary conspirator. This is as dramatic a story as any in history; and Mr Deutscher has made the most of it. Drawing on the Trotsky archives at Harvard, he has told the story more accurately and with fuller detail than ever before. His book is compulsory reading for anyone interested in the history of Soviet Russia and of international Communism. It will be highly and deservedly praised. It has some grave faults. Like all commentators on Soviet Russia, Mr Deutscher goes in for a great deal of verbiage to cover up the shortage of solid information. Much of the book is written from 'inner consciousness', not from the facts. Stalin, in particular, has intentions attributed to him which make sense, but do not rest on solid evidence. More than this, there is a deep equivocation in Mr Deutscher's approach. Emotionally, one might say, he wants Trotsky to win; and he cannot help hinting that Trotsky will win posthumously at some time in the future. Yet, when he looks objectively at the circumstances of the nineteen-twenties, he also cannot help admitting that Trotsky's ideas were impossibly romantic. The tone of the book is constantly changing gear; and the reader, like Mr Deutscher, ends by being bewildered. Ought he to let his emotions run away with him and admire Trotsky's heroic stand? Or ought he to sympathise with puzzle-headed Stalin, doing his best for the revolution in difficult circumstances?

Towards the end of the book Mr Deutscher quotes a remark by Krupskaya which, he says, she probably learnt from Lenin: Trotsky was inclined to underrate the apathy of the masses. This sentence tells the whole story. Trotsky wanted the Russian people, or if not the people at any rate the Communist party, to go on living at the fever-heat of the first revolutionary years. But the fever was over. Men wanted a quiet life. They were no longer moved by great speeches, no longer fired by appeals to revolutionary idealism. Trotsky early denounced the control which the bureaucracy had established over the party. What he never recognised was that the bureaucracy represented the general will. Time and again Trotsky tried to fire party-meetings; and when this failed he tried to fire the masses by the old method of speeches at the street-corners. There was no response, only an embarrassed and uneasy silence. Besides, what did Trotsky want? He demanded democracy within the party, an endless freedom of discussion dominated by his own fiery words; yet he was as firm as any of his antagonists that there must be no democracy outside the party. As Mr Deutscher says, the Bolshevik party had to become monolithic if it was to survive; yet by becoming monolithic it ceased to be Bolshevik – at any rate in Trotsky's sense. Mr Deutscher cannot bring himself to admit that Lenin, despite a deathbed repentance, created the monolithic party and that Stalin fulfilled Lenin's testament except, of course, in one personal particular.

Trotsky could never merge himself in the party and lead it from inside. He triumphed during his historic partnership with Lenin. On his own, he became more and more the assertive unique individual, watching his increasing isolation with a sardonic pleasure. The passionate disputes described in this book were really marginal to the decisions taken in these years. Here Trotsky seems at the centre; but if one compares the story as told by Mr Carr in his most recent volumes, it appears that he contributed little to the actual working-out of policy. Lenin himself accepted Trotsky as a true Bolshevik. The others did not. For them he was always an outsider who had come late to the party without ever being absorbed in it. Sometimes they combined against him; sometimes they sought to use him. They never accepted him, nor he them. Trotsky carried to excess the weakness of the intellectual in politics. He was ruthless in stating principles; he was soft and indifferent in questions of personality. Mr Deutscher shows how time and again Trotsky was in sight of victory; he always let the chance slip once his theoretical correctness was admitted. In 1923, for instance, assisted by promptings from Lenin's sickbed, he humiliated Stalin; then – much to Lenin's annoyance – casually left Stalin in office. At the end of 1929 he was actually preparing to support Stalin's new course, the second revolution. Here is a paradox indeed: it was the threat of support, not of opposition, which made Stalin send Trotsky into exile. On the other hand, Trotsky could never resist speaking his mind. He insisted quite correctly that, given the failure of revolution elsewhere, there must be 'primitive socialist accumulation' in Russia: the peasants and even the industrial workers must be ruthlessly exploited in order to build up heavy industry. This is the course which Stalin inaugurated in 1929 and which Soviet Russia has followed to the present day. But Stalin and his successors never explained clearly what they were doing, and perhaps did not even realise it themselves. Trotsky understood ideas; he did not understand men. He was a heroic and noble character; his mind brilliantly penetrating even when he was wrong. Yet he made no mark on Soviet history from the moment that Lenin's hand was withdrawn. The epic time was over; and Stalin triumphed over Trotsky as Baldwin triumphed over Lloyd George.

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Lord Cherwell

The Prof. By R. F. HARROD. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

'Lindemann,' said Rutherford, with extreme disapproval, 'is a funny duck.' Rutherford wouldn't have called him 'The Prof': that was a nickname in society – itself telling something about his reception there – which later, as he became powerful, got picked up by those who liked being in the swim. No, Rutherford wouldn't have had any use for society nicknames: but he had no doubt about the man being a funny duck. And he was dead right. Few funnier ducks than Lindemann (or 'The Prof', or Lord Cherwell, as we had better call him) have ever played such a significant part on the English scene.

To begin with, although he was a passionate English patriot, he was not English at all. No one appears to know, not even the author of this admirable memoir, who was an intimate friend, what his father's nationality was. Cherwell didn't look English. His mumble didn't sound like an Englishman's mumble. If one had met him by chance between the wars at a smart European hotel, I think one might have taken him for a rich business-man from Düsseldorf or Zürich – heavy, dark-haired, pale, *soigné*, educated, positive, and yet curiously awkward. In fact, he was rich; and before the first war he led an unusual life, educating himself in Germany, living at the Adlon, working out the Nernst-Lindemann Law (by far the best piece of pure physics he ever did) and winning tennis championships. That was odd enough. But it was still odder that he was also already an habitual ascetic. He seems to have touched meat once in his life, alcohol not at all; he was prepared to eat the white of eggs, but the yolks were too animal. So far as Sir Roy Harrod knows, he had no sexual relations. It seems a curious equipment for one who, soon after 1918, succeeded in becoming a pet of the very top of English society. True, he had money, he had shown quite abnormal physical courage in the war, he was Professor of Physics at Oxford, in his mid-thirties. What counted more, of course, was that he wanted social success; and English society has never put up much resistance to people who wanted to conquer it, provided they had the brains and the will. Very soon, by 1925 or so, he was Winston Churchill's intellectual right-hand man. That friendship-cum-alliance-cum-mutual-dependence, which lasted till Cherwell's death in 1957, made him in time the most influential grey eminence since Père Joseph.

Even that doesn't explain the strangeness of the story. For, simultaneously with his climb to the top, he was about the most unpopular man in Oxford. He was certainly the most unpopular scientist of his time. I ought to declare my interest here and now, and admit that I had an admiration for him and, if I may say so, a very soft

spot. But it is extremely important not to sentimentalise Cherwell. We have to remember that Oxford, which later came to like him better, had good reasons in the Twenties and Thirties for detesting him. After all, it was a shade disquieting when, over a question of precedence at High Table, he threatened to bring a lawsuit against his own college.

The scientists had even better reasons for their dislike, which existed long before he came to power. He was not, by their standards, a serious creative scientist; but he insisted on behaving as though he were not only their intellectual equal, but incomparably their superior. Quite sincerely, as Sir Roy says, he believed that, with the possible exceptions of Churchill and Einstein, he had no equal. Well, that wasn't calculated to go down specially well with Rutherford and his colleagues, who were revolutionising physics while he was doing nothing.

He had other disadvantages. He was—except, and it is an important exception, in scientific things – so reactionary that he would have made Lord Curzon look like a dangerous radical. He had a sadistic tongue, and there was a cruel streak right at the core of that repressed, sombre and uneasy temperament. Much more to the point, a good many of the scientists did not trust his judgment. They did not trust his military-scientific judgment before or during the war, and they haven't changed their minds since. They believed that, although with his drive and immense intellectual self-confidence he did good things, he also made major mistakes and that, in his long struggle with Tizard, it was a fatality for this country that Tizard lost.

None of that can be laughed off. I hope that Lord Birkenhead, who is writing the official biography of Cherwell, will get opinions from people who are prepared to tackle his subject with the gloves off. The truth about him is one of the most interesting hidden chapters of the war. And the truth will leave the most essential part of Cherwell quite untouched. For, whatever one thinks of his scientific judgment, he was a most unusual man. He had a weight and depth of nature that made most men look flimsy: not all agreeable nature, by any means, but just nature. One might or might not like him, but anyone who knew a man from a bull's foot felt that quality before he had been in the room five minutes. It is easy to believe one of the many penetrating things that Sir Roy says about him:

> Those who got to know him well acquired a deep affection for him, even a kind of protective attitude; for there was something in the Pref, despite his array of formidable powers and his fighting spirit, that suggested he did not really know how to manage his life and that he needed friends to sustain him.

That is characteristic of Sir Roy's method. He hasn't set himself to write a biography. He has left nearly all the fact-finding for Lord Birkenhead's work in progress. There is very little in this memoir of Cherwell's career as supreme grey eminence from 1939 to 1945, which we so much need to know. Instead, Sir Roy has set himself to realise a character, almost exactly as a novelist of character would have done. He has succeeded to a remarkable extent. Sir Roy adds to his well-known gifts – it seems rather unfair – the most essential of a novelist's. The situations are often bizarre. Cherwell mutters to his young friend Harrod some new outrage on his rights by the authorities of Christ Church, beginning – one can imagine the scene so well – with an air of exaggerated reasonableness. Before long, his young friend Harrod finds that he is being pulled along by a mad horse.

This method of presentation works exactly as Sir Roy intended. The Cherwell situations are interspersed by scraps of the author's autobiography. He too, one realises, is a funny duck. Indeed, to remain so close to Cherwell, he had to be. It is partly that which enables him to produce, out of stories of quite small-scale events, a picture, and a singularly shrewd picture, of a very large-scale character.

C. P. SNOW

Moi, la France

War Memoirs. Volume II (1942-44). By GENERAL DE GAULLE. Translated by RICHARD HOWARD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.* (Documents, 42*s.*)

It has taken three years for the second volume of de Gaulle's Memoirs to appear in translation, with the documentary section separate from the narrative. The intervening period having witnessed the author's return to power, it is natural to ask how much light is shed upon his current position by these records of war-time leadership. The answer would seem to be: not a great deal as regards domestic matters, but a surprising amount where imperial and foreign affairs are concerned. Indeed, going through these tersely phrased, and quite stylishly translated, pages one often feels that time has stood still: this is the de Gaulle we know today, stiffly asserting France's traditional place in the world, yet capable of shocking his more retrograde countrymen by

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a sudden, dramatic recognition of the obvious. The tenor of last week's important statement on Algeria could have been substantially forecast by any attentive reader of these splendidly egotistic Memoirs. The authoritarian manner and the quasi-liberal content, the evocation of national grandeur and the calculation of political effect, the proconsular tone and the bow to popular sovereignty – it was all there in 1942-44. No wonder the author-hero of this literary masterpiece scored over his rivals, from the senile Pétain and the bovine Giraud to the embattled neo-Jacobins of the Consultative Assembly. Anything they could do, he could do better – and in more glamorous style.

True, this kind of charismatic leadership has its drawbacks. If one incarnates the State – and the whole secret of Gaullism is contained in this implicit claim – one must at all times be careful to express the General Will. In practice this often means waiting for the public mind to declare itself, so that by a curious inversion 'leadership' comes to be synonymous with standing still. Yet de Gaulle has on occasion shown himself able to bring off a devastating stroke of policy from behind a veil of oracular or equivocating words. If his opponents can claim that he tends to resolve problems by restating them in different terms, it is at least equally true that his restatements generally raise the issue to a higher level. Gaullism may not be the answer to the enduring problem of French democracy, but it is unlikely that after de Gaulle has left the scene his countrymen will want to revive the regime which collapsed so ignominiously last year.

The war years were the ideal test of de Gaulle's aptitude for political leadership, because they involved the theme which stirs his deepest feelings: national sovereignty. Given the fact that France was threatened with national extinction and that the Resistance movement required a symbol which was at once political and military, de Gaulle was able for a while to overcome his ingrained conservatism and to make contact with the quasi-revolutionary forces let loose by Vichy's capitulation to the invader. A close perusal of the present volume shows that this alliance between the French National Committee in London and the Resistance forces was the secret of de Gaulle's triumph over the Pétainist cliques in North Africa and their oddly infatuated American backers. His account of this two-year struggle – plus the subsidiary tussle with the British Foreign Office over Syria – is fairly detached and ironic in tone, but every now and then the polished surface cracks and something hard and permanent comes out: resentment at what he considered an Anglo-American attempt to reduce France to permanent satellite status, and disdain for US amateurishness. Some of NATO's present difficulties clearly have their roots in these war-time experiences.

It is noteworthy that de Gaulle's principal difficulties were with the Americans rather than the British, notwithstanding the Middle Eastern tangle which produced some heated exchanges with Churchill and a deepening suspicion of British aims. On the British side, irritation with de Gaulle's stubbornness flamed into anger chiefly on the repeated occasions when he insisted that Britain should side with 'Europe', *i.e.* France, whenever there was a major policy row with the Americans. It was during one such dispute that Churchill, in the presence of Eden and Ernest Bevin, cried out: 'Here is something you ought to know: each time we have to choose between Europe and the open sea, we shall choose the open sea. Each time I have to choose between you and Roosevelt, I shall choose Roosevelt'. De Gaulle's acount of this stormy meeting – the last and worst of a fairly lengthy series – leaves the impression that the Prime Minister was not fully supported by his Cabinet colleagues. However that may be, both Eden and Bevin – but not Mr Casey of Australia – are given credit for trying to smooth things over.

The real trouble was with Roosevelt. What possessed the President and his entourage, in the teeth of all the evidence and under mounting liberal criticism in America, to persist in treating de Gaulle as an unimportant upstart, remains unexplained. De Gaulle blames Robert Murphy, 'long familiar with the smart world and apparently rather inclined to believe that France consisted of the people he dined with', but the fatuous Admiral Leahy may have had more to do with it. There are some acidulous pen-portraits of Cardinal Spellman and of Roosevelt himself. From de Gaulle's standpoint, the American leader who comes out best is Eisenhower: the famous charm seems even then to have been effective at some very awkward moments.

We shall have to await the third volume to see what exactly lay behind de Gaulle's sudden flight to Moscow in December 1944, which so upset Washington and London at the time (and aroused so many worried recollections when the General returned to power last year). In August 1944, at the conclusion of the present volume, de Gaulle's triumphant entry into liberated Paris seemed the fitting climax to his career. Alas, the Fourth Republic he helped to proclaim proved so short-lived that he had to interrupt his Memoirs in order to preside over its successor. It is pleasant to know that the concluding volume is none the less nearing completion, for whatever one may think of de Gaulle's statesmanship, as a historian and a stylist he comes close to perfection.

G. L. ARNOLD

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★ *MacGibbon & Kee*

When the Trouble Began

1914. By JAMES CAMERON. *Cassell.* 21s.

'In the year 1914 the world, as it was known and accepted then, came to an end. . . . From then on nothing could ever be the same.' So much has been written about that frightening year, especially the second half of it, that one might think there was nothing left to be told; and Mr Cameron does not claim that he has new information to give. His object is to give an impressionist picture, selecting salient facts from what is well-known history and so arranging them as to let readers know what it was like to be alive in Britain in that feverish year. Then, of course, men could not see the situation in historic perspective, as Mr Cameron can. It is his aim to show it both ways – their way and his. Though he is too young to write from memory, he has caught the atmosphere well – well enough to satisfy a reader who does remember.

In one respect his able book has disappointed me. He has only devoted a few pages to the first half of the year, giving nearly all his attention to the war period and the events which immediately precipitated war. What little he does say about the earlier months is so well to the point that I think he could have drawn an ampler picture which would have shown just why the war that came was more inevitable than many people suppose. The mood of the country, which he says was 'strangely sanguine and tranquil', may have been sanguine, but was certainly not tranquil. Never in the last century have the political parties behaved so fiercely to one another as they did at that time. In June and July the country was disturbed by the spectacle of Members of Parliament actually stirring up civil war in Ireland. At home the suffragettes were still talking the language of physical violence. The working classes had fully woken up to the potency of direct action. In all walks of life men and women, through their own experience and the teaching of novelists, had become aware of the swiftness of change in social conditions and moral ideas. The world was in a hurry to get on. Victorianism was discredited. Academic art was laughed at. Fry promoted Post-Impressionism, Wyndham Lewis the violence of Vorticism. The new delight of Russian opera and ballet was intoxicating. There was a sense of strain, a feverishness in the air which exhibited itself in violent politics, violent art, and rag-time dancing. Yet never for a moment did British people imagine that this excitability was stirring the explosive stuff out of which real war might come. This sort of temper was manifest all over Europe, taking its ugliest form in Germany. A match was enough to start the conflagration.

Mr Cameron comes near to saying something like this, but he has dealt so slightly with the earlier period that he has not made it clear. He is much more satisfying in his graphic brief history of the actual coming of the catastrophe, and the way in which the nation reacted. First there was the sense of shock at 'the end of the Liberal dream of universal enlightenment and good will, the end of security, the end of expansive living', and the release of 'a terrible set of social forces' that would drive through the pleasant world that had been known. Not omitting to sum up the major events of the war – from the dispatch of the Expeditionary Force to the settling down to the grim, sordid and seemingly endless trench warfare in the mud of Flanders – he flings his net wide in describing

the behaviour of people at home and at the front. He recalls the spell of that formidable figurehead, Kitchener, and the staring posters 'Your King and Country Need You'; the music-hall recruiters ('Oh we don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go'); and, at the Front, the attitude of the men to the enemy, who was 'the Hun' to staff officers and the Government, but 'Jerry' to the ordinary soldier.

Mr Cameron observes that 'the world of the arts and the creative mind, even before the war, somehow anticipated war's disintegration of values, its canonization of violence'. But no one could have foreseen the peculiar terribleness arising from the fact that in time the War became 'institutional, with all life geared to its seeming endlessness', the men in the trenches leading their separate lives, cut off by an infinite gulf from the softer humanities of 'Blighty'. This is a book which the young especially ought to read.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

Russian Doctoring

Notes of a Soviet Doctor. By G. S. PONDOEV. Trans. by BASIL HAIG. *Chapman & Hall.* 40*s.*

Everyone agrees that the best way to understand the Russians better is by personal contact, preferably with one's opposite numbers. Time spent with a colleague at work on his job is likely to be more enlightening than public propaganda about his country. If we cannot visit the USSR ourselves then presumably the next best thing is a personal, professional commentary such as this book. *Notes of a Soviet Doctor* is revealing, but only in patches, elsewhere jargon and complacency conceal and repel.

Dr Pondoev has written about medical study and practice in the Soviet Union in many aspects, but one is not sure for whom he writes, doctors or laymen. To the Russians this doubt may seem artificial, to us it is real enough since, ignoring it, one may instruct a few but bore and confuse others. Some of the advice Dr Pondoev gives, for example, on what a doctor should tell a patient, can only be for students or doctors, but in many other places he aims very much below their level of technical education.

In dealing with the doctor and the patient Dr Pondoev gives an excellent account of the relationship in its complexity and subtlety; most of this chapter can be read with sympathy and agreement. But elsewhere dreary slogans deface the image of a personality and stifle interest. This violent contrast is illustrated by two consecutive paragraphs, one humble and delightful, the next bombastic and vague.

> The way of the doctor is not easy; his work is complex and responsible; yet despite this it is a wonderful profession and, we say, there is none better.
>
> The Great October Socialist Revolution altered the countenance of both doctor and patient. When the Soviet doctor meets the Soviet patient, it is not as it was formerly, but a new encounter between members of a working group, having equal rights and joined to each other by the common interest of the state.

The book reeks of mothballs. The Soviet student 'has only one desire – study, study and more study'. One can't believe it, but Dr Pondoev seems to. The result of a diet of so many poached platitudes is a level of boredom that only the purest dogmatist can hope to achieve. The solemn naivety of his discussion of the value of attending medical lectures, which he supports not by experience but by authority, rivals the medieval scholastics. It is strange that Dr Pondoev, who so often quotes the value of the scientific approach to medicine, argues in an entirely non-scientific way. He makes innumerable assertions unsupported by facts; in the whole book there are hardly any figures. This reliance on authority leads to such absurdities as 'I. P. Pavlov taught that we must never think that we know everything'. Would Pondoev have thought that he did but for Pavlov? He might be saved from such idiocies if he had a sense of humour (*i.e.* proportion). He would not then indulge the childish chauvinism of claiming Russian priority in the discovery of penicillin and asserting the Soviet doctor has 'undoubted superiority over the doctor in capitalist countries'; but no flicker of humour is to be found in the dead ashes of his prose.

The essence of science is doubt and inquiry; neither attitude distinguishes this book. On the contrary 'the critical, Marxist approach to the study of an author requires an appraisal of the author, a determination of the class position from which he interprets the facts and whether he describes the facts correctly'. Pondoev does not see the irony of placing the qualities in this order in a 'scientific' discussion. It is a little disappointing that a book which was first published in 1947 should not have been allowed to die with the other relics of Stalinism. It was republished in Russian in 1957 and now in English, with several minor faults, at a high price.

DAVID PYKE

New Novels

The Humbler Creation. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

The Temple of the Golden Pavilion. By YUKIO MISHIMA. Translated by IVAN MORRIS. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

A Man Talking to Seagulls. By KATHLEEN SULLY. *Peter Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson has set her novel in Earls Court, where private houses have been turned into private hotels, bombed buildings replaced by modern flats and prefabs, and students from many lands fill the boarding-houses and coffee-houses. The district would appear to have grown darker than the 'darkest Earls Court' of *Hangover Square*. And so in a way it turns out, though it is not with the seedy fugitive population that Miss Johnson deals, but with the church-going Anglican community. They are a small and dwindling band, for the Church is not as important as it was in Earls Court. The spire of St Lawrence's, taken down during the war, has not been put up again; the vicarage, which stood next to the church, has been sold because it was too expensive, and the vicar lives in a smaller house in the next street. There are still bazaars, and the vicar's wife still visits, but from the coffee-houses in the Earls Court Road these activities must look like quaint folk-customs.

Maurice Fisher is the vicar of St Lawrence's. He is 46, his wife Libby 38; they have no children. Libby thinks she is too old for sexual relations, yet continues to flaunt her beauty at her husband, not because she is cruel, but because she is vain, selfish and essentially cold. Maurice is a sensual man; for him, however, sex and sin are synonymous, and his wife's attitude makes his position intolerable. The marriage inevitably becomes empty; Libby is surprised and resentful. When Maurice falls in love with another woman, Libby panics, there is gossip, and the Church Council is alarmed. But this is Earls Court, and

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there is a curious, and almost pathetic, impotence about the Council's alarm. Their sanctions, one feels, can be disregarded. But there are sanctions. They are the sanctions Maurice would impose on himself. For though the Church is declining and its strongest supporters see it providing only 'rules for decent social behaviour', for Maurice it is much more. His sister-in-law can perjure and degrade herself to secure the love of a worthless alcoholic journalist. Maurice must give up his love and return to Libby.

The novel ends with a story from the *Book of Martyrs*. Before Thomas Hawke, of Essex, was burnt he promised his fearful friends that if the fire was bearable he would raise his hands just before he died. And he did so. 'At the sight of which there followed such applause and outcry of the people, and especially those who understood the matter'. Maurice sees himself as one of 'the humbler creation'. His martyrdom is unspectacular, and he has raised only one hand out of the fire. But who, the reader finds himself asking, will applaud Maurice? Who in Earls Court has fully 'understood the matter'? This is an engrossing novel. In particular, as a study of a strange and sterile marriage, it is subtle and illuminating.

I wish I had the time to re-read *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* before writing this notice. At the moment I cannot pretend to understand it all. It is based on a real incident. In 1950 an ancient and beautiful Zen temple in Kyoto was burned to the ground by a Zen acolyte. He was ugly; he stammered; and at his trial he said he could not help 'feeling a strong desire for hurting and destroying anything that was beautiful'. This is the outline of Yukio Mishima's novel, which is written in the first person. The nimblest metaphysical mind is required to follow the reasonings of a Zen student; but if the reader takes everything on trust he will find himself absorbed in a novel whose flavour is unique: a mixture of Hermann Hesse and Dostoevsky. Many scenes, even though their relation to the rest of the novel cannot be grasped, are of unusual power, sometimes nauseating, sometimes exquisite. As in the film *Rashomon*, characters appear and reappear in different guises. Everything is shifting and uncertain; nothing is what it seems. Friendship is treachery; optimism is despair; worldliness is religion; love is contempt. The Golden Temple is beautiful, then ugly, then beautiful again: 'The beauty was never completed in any single detail . . . for each detail adumbrated the beauty of the succeeding detail. . . . Therefore . . . there arose automatically an adumbration of nothingness.' That gives an idea of the difficulty of the novel; but even after a first reading, I feel that there is distinction in this young Japanese writer.

A Man Talking to Seagulls is set in a small holiday town on the east coast of England, and the action is confined to 24 hours, at the end of which an astonishing number of problems is settled with the deftness one expects in novels of this sort. Two people die; one couple make it up after 19 years of squabbling; two people fall in love; two fall out of it. In a novel as artificial as this, where every page cries out, 'This is made up!' one identifies oneself not with the characters, but with the writer. How will she manage things? This is not an exacting game: Miss Sully has become superficial and slick, and this novel cannot be taken seriously.

V. S. NAIPAUL

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Tribal Myths

White and Coloured. By MICHAEL BANTON. *Cape.* 15*s.*

'Men do not react to the physical characters of strangers – textures of hair, pigmentation, eyefolds, broad or narrow-headedness, etc. – but according to the social significance that is placed on these characters.' The Sociology of race relations has suffered considerably from the idea that all could be explained in terms of economics or psychology.' These general remarks selected not at random provide a guide to Dr Banton's line of argument in this stimulating and hopeful book. He seems to me absolutely right in saying that discrimination against coloured people doesn't invariably, even usually, spring from some individual, ineradicable prejudice. A landlady who will not take in coloured boarders may herself not be prejudiced: she discriminates against them because of the view her neighbours may take of her. Coloured people may be regarded as strangers to a way of life, rather as if they were members of a different class. The social tone of a boarding house will decline because the general view of coloured people is that they belong to a lower class.

On the face of it, this approach to the question of how coloured people are treated may not seem to be any more promising than the psychological and economic approaches Dr Banton deprecates. Isn't class one of the strongest British prejudices? In fact, it is more promising because the diagnosis is more penetrating. 'Social significances' placed on the character of strangers can change. Dr Banton rehearses various attitudes adopted towards coloured people over the past two centuries and, with the aid of fascinating statistics, shows that racist attitudes are fading fast, but that confusion remains about just how coloureds are to be regarded. 'Why should Britons be strongly opposed to any discrimination in the public treatment of coloured people and at the same time be so hesitant about treating them equally in private relations?' How extraordinary that Britons should say that they themselves would be prepared to accept coloureds working alongside them, but didn't think that their fellow-Britons would. Supposing that this is not hypocrisy, then clearly something may be done to shift attitudes just a little. Dr Banton draws up a list of 'Ten Commandments', the last of which is that the government should legislate against the colour bar. Such a demonstration of national disapproval would be effective in clarifying the position of coloured people; conscious policy would change custom. At present the situation, Dr Banton declares, is this:

> Where custom requires that a coloured man be treated in a special fashion the actor must observe the norm or face the likelihood of being punished by his fellows. When the norm endorses equal treatment there is no problem. But when custom is changing the actor has to decide for himself how far he will go in upholding the old norms or in supporting the new ones, and to accept the consequences if he goes too far in either direction.

This isn't a very pretty picture either, with the British public struggling like sheep towards the norm-pen. It does help to demonstrate, though, in the way of creative sociology, that it is not brutish tribal myths that have to be dispelled before coloured people are accepted into all levels of life in this country.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,544 **Set by G. de Vavasour**

Foreigners visiting this country complain of the difficulty of getting into friendly conversation with the natives. Competitors are invited to produce a set of three gambits which may – or may not – open the floodgates of British garrulity. The context in which they are spoken should be given. Entries by 6 October.

Result of No. 1,541 **Set by Lavengro**

Competitors are asked to compose a rollicking Song of the Road (alternative title: Hitting the Trail) – in the vein of Belloc, Stevenson, Masefield or Robert W. Service – to be signed K, Ike, Mac, Hugh, or Nye. Limit, 16 lines.

Report

An excellent entry. Competitors showed themselves slightly less at home with Robert W. Service than the other bards, though Annie Allen matched him well with Nye –

> There will be a singing in the street
> And there will be a rapture in the heart.

Belloc's *End of the Road* produced (as well as Allan M. Laing's prize-winner) pungent lines from J. A. Lindon's K and S. Fidgen's Ike –

> Walked I, talked I, golfed I, dined I,
> Toured I and with Winnie wined I
> Gaped I, waved I, grinned I, Queened I,
> Smiled I, on the silver screened I . . .

Of the Masefields, I liked E. O. Parrott's Hugh –

> Short, bright whistle-stops in windswept Woodford,
> Long and thoughtful speeches at Leamington and Neath.
> Promising the earth
> If only I'm elected,
> State steel and State banks and free false teeth –

and – in Masefield's louder manner – Rhoda Tuck Pook's 'Captain Bevan's Fancy' –

The Tory road's arterial, most functional and grey,
The Lib'rals like a by-pass – towns may beckon you astray,
But me, I'll build fly-overs on the strait and narrow way
Said the old, bold mate of Mr Gaitskell.

Nancy Gunter had a good Stevenson-K –

And we will make a sputnik, (and you shall make a fuss,)
With monkeys and mousekis and maybe one of Us,
And all along the sky-ways our cunning craft shall race
Down Green Roads of Envy and Blue Roads of Space.

But this poet was just as well suited to K's host, and Stanley J. Sharpless and P. M. share first prize for their Stevenson-Ike entries. One and a half guineas each to them; and one each to Allan M. Laing, R. Kennard Davis and G. J. Blundell – who wins in spite of a slight failure to rollick.

IKE (AFTER STEVENSON)

Let me board my private plane,
With the blue sky o'er me,
Waving both my arms again,
All the world before me,
Cheering crowds to see me off,
Flash of the thronging pressmen,
All I seek is a round of golf,
And the friendly shake of yes-men.

Let the nuclear war-heads fly,
Strontium fall-out linger,
Guided missiles fleck the sky,
I'll not raise a finger;
Like a vagabond so free,
Bonn and back I'll bum it,
All I ask is a fair tee,
And a long haul to the Summit.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

I will make them speeches and cracks for their delight
In canteens each morning and banquets at night
There will be a Palace and a Castle just for me,
With grand days in London and fine days on Dee.

Mac and I will pitch in (no one in the room)
For 'greater understanding' (but oh, of what? or whom?)
I'll wash no foul linen but keep my dentures white
For smiling on all sides (but mostly the right).

And this shall be my music, with all the pressmen near,
The loud shout of welcome, the heart-warming cheer . . .
If only they'll remember! If only I retire
In time to leave some new man the chestnuts in the fire!

P. M.

MACBELLOC HITS THE TRAIL

With this tongue, through this moustache,
Untold reams of balderdash
Talked I, spoke I, lisped I, roared I,
Breathed I, jawed I, mouthed I, poured I,
Prosed I, prattled, moaned and grinned I,
Stressed I, murmured, taped and tinned I,
Dripped I, skipped I, bawled and babbled,
Growled and grunted, bluffed and gabbled;
Shouted I, ranted I, snapped and sneered I,
My obedient sheep thus cheered I,
Their incipient grumbles killed I,
And their minds with hot air filled I . .
God, Saint George and England praised I
As this trail to office blazed I.

ALLAN M. LAING

NYE (AFTER SERVICE)

O it's you an' I for the long trail, to the Great Red Eastern Land,
Crashing the Iron Curtain to the Marxist World of the planned,
And it's Hugh an' Nye for the Neva, and the Volga* flowing free,
Verst upon verst, till we quench our thirst on the shores of the Caspian Sea.
We'll drink to the Hammer and Sickle, under the wild red stars,
And chatter of co-existence with clutches of Commissars,
Our guide an Intourist maiden, a flaxen, waxen doll,
And I will be her tovarich, and she'll be my comsomol.
We'll blend with the proletariat; with the Kolkhoz men we'll mix,
And hark to the hiss of the samovars, the cackle of izvoschiks.
We'll brave the unplugged basins; we'll dare the defective drains,
And laugh at fate as we suffocate in terrible Eastern trains.
So it's Hey for the trail to Novgorod! and Ho for the road to Kertsch!
As steppe by steppe we dance and lep through forests of pine and birch!
– But a message comes from the homeland, as glum as a bell that tolls!
We must hasten back on the homeward track, for we daren't be late for the polls!

R. KENNARD DAVIS

* Some MSS read 'Vodka'.

K's 'WEST COUNTRY' (AFTER BELLOC)

When I am living in the Kremlin
That is chilly and unkind
I look toward the western road
And leave the east behind.
And the great plains of the USA
Form pictures in my mind.

The great plains of the USA
Roll wave-like to the sea;
And up them to the Capitol
Walking I shall be.
But the men who were men when I was a man
Won't be walking there with me.

G. J. BLUNDELL

The Chess Board

No. 515. Fighting Draw

When one merely needs a draw to win a title (such as W. A. Winser did in the "decider" of the Sussex Championship against R. T. Buckland) one might be tempted to avoid any risk and to go in for the *remis de convéniance* so easily and comfortably achieved from time to time when both players feel peacefully inclined. In this case Buckland (White) certainly didn't and went all out for a win, and Winser gave him tit-for-tat until the sheer logic of the position forced the draw.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) B-Kt5, P-KR3; (5) B-R4, P-B4; (6) P-Q5, P-QKt4; (7) P-K4, P-Q3; (8) P x KP, P x KP; (9) P-K5!, Q-R4!; (10) Q-B3, B x Kt ch; (11) P x B, B-Kt2!; (12) Q-Kt3, Kt-K5; (13) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B1; (14) B-K7 ch! K-Kt1; (15) Q x KP ch, K-R2; (16) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (17) R-B1, Kt x QBP; (18) Q-K6 ch, K-R2; (19) B-Q3 ch, B-K5; (20) B x B ch, Kt x B ch; (21) K-B1, Kt-Q7 ch; (22) K-K2, Kt-B5; (23) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (24) Q-K6 ch, draw.

Taking time off his preparatory labours for the Hastings Congress Frank Rhoden sent me this pretty little game won by his friend Wilfred Pratten, the Hampshire player.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-B3, Q-K2; (5) O-O, P-Q3; (6) P-Q4, B-Kt3; (7) P-QKt4, B-Kt5; (8) P-QR4, P-QR4; (9) P-Kt5, Kt-Q1; (10) B-R3, P-KB3; (11) R-R2, Kt-K3; (12) P x P, BP x P; (13) Q-Q5?, B x Kt!; (14) Q x KtP [Obviously P x B is ruled out by . . Kt-B5]. Q-Kt4; (15) Q x R ch, K-K2; (16) P-Kt3, Kt-B5; (17) R-Kt1, Q-R4 [Q-R3 would be more precise]; (18) Kt-Q2? (B x P ch!), Kt-B3!; (19) Q x R,

and now Pratten administered a very pretty mate in 4 which might as well serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners.

While abroad for a month or two I happened to meet Walter Heidenfeld who gave me this interesting game which—White against Isaacson—he won in the South African championship earlier this year.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (3) P-B4, P-Q4; (4) P x KP, Kt x P; (5) P-Q3, B-QKt5 [This promising sacrifice is

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proved to be inadequate, thereby giving the game some theoretical value]; (6) P x Kt, Q-R5 ch; (7) K-K2, B-Kt5 ch; (8) Kt-B3, B x QKt; (9) P x B, P x P; (10) Q-Q4, B-R4 [Obviously . . . P x Kt ch would involve the loss of the pinned Bishop]; (11) K-Q2! [Better than the previous " book-move " K-K3; there are many variations, none of which seems to give Black adequate value for the material sacrificed] B x Kt?; (12) P x B, Kt-B3; (13) Q x KP, Kt-B3; (14) K-Q1, O-O-O ch; (15) B-Q3, Kt x P; (16) B-K3! Q-Kt7 [And not . . . Kt x B??, on account of (17) Q-B5 ch]; (17) R-KKt1, Q x RP; (18) R-Kt1, P-QB3; (19) Q-B5 ch, K-B2; (20) Q-B4, Q-R4; (21) R-Kt5, Q-R8 ch; (22) K-K2, Q x R; (23) R x Kt, resigns.

An equally well-deserved chessbook token goes to A. J. Roycroft who felt inspired by Krejcik's " copy-cat " piece in the August bank holiday issue to devise the shortest possible copy-cat game leading to a position in which White can force a sui-mate in one (Black's mating move involving no capture).

(1) P-QKt3; (2) B-Kt2; (3) P-Q3; (4) P-KKt4; (5) P-KR4; (6) B-KR3; (7) K-Q2; (8) K-K3; (9) Kt-QB3; (10) Kt-Q5; (11) Kt-B6; and after this has been copied White forces the suimate by (12) P x P ch, P-Kt5 mate.

B: Henri Rinck 1917

C: V. Korolkov 1935

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both wins, both " classics " and not too difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 5 October.

REPORT on No. 512. Set 5 September.

A: (1) B-B4 etc.
B: (1) P-B6! P x P; (2) P-B3 ch, B x P (forced); (3) K-Kt5, P-R3 ch; (4) K-R4 etc.
C: (1) Kt-B4! (threatening perpetual), B x Kt; (2) R-R1, B-Q4; (3) P-K4! B x P; (4) K-Kt3, K-R2 (best); (5) K-B4, K-Kt3; (6) P-R7, P—Q; (7) P—Q, B x Q; (8) R-Kt1 ch!! and draws.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes: C. H. Brown, R. W. Hayward, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom, A. J. Sobey.

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Oh ! Sir Jasper

The guts of the Jasper affair are still hidden. A shortage of money has been admitted, the managing director has disappeared into Israel, an associated building society has been suspended, the Stock Exchange has banned dealings in shares of the 15 companies involved and an independent auditor has been invited to make an investigation, but nobody yet knows quite what has happened and whether the result will turn out to be a mountain or a mouse.

The bones of the story stick through plainly enough. Mr Harry Jasper and Mr Wolf Brueckmann abandoned the foreign exchange business in Berlin during the 1930s and moved to London. In London they gradually broadened their business, trying out many of the ways in which a small merchant banker is always ready to turn an honest penny, but nobody outside their own immediate circle had heard of them until the end of 1956. At that time – the middle of the credit squeeze – H. Jasper & Co. became associated with someone, or a group of someones, who had ideas about what effect a Tory government might have on property values and who could simultaneously afford to laugh at credit squeezes; expensive Swiss money is rumoured to have come first, and the State Building Society seems to have followed. Jasper, at any rate, rapidly acquired control of several small, quoted companies: some already had an interest in property and the rest were soon forced to acquire it – shops, garages, flats, but for the most part old houses, houses whose acquisition could be financed by mortgage and which could be re-sold at a comfortable profit, given the Rent Act, to sitting tenants. There were three simultaneous developments. First, as the result of property sales or the prospect of them, dividends were raised sharply and share prices rose to an optimistic level. Second, Mr Jasper acquired the beginnings of a useful, Midas reputation: never accept a bid from Jasper, the boys began to say, since the share price will rise still higher when he has taken over. Third, the balance sheets of Jasper-acquired companies began to show a sharp jump in quoted investments, investments whose nature was not disclosed but whose value seemed to appreciate with remarkable rapidity.

After a breathing space of nearly a year, Mr Jasper began to operate in a much more conspicuous fashion. After quietly knocking off a couple of retail shoe chains at the end of 1958, he entered the public takeover lists and won control of a connoisseur's gobbet – Temperance Billiard Halls. He then proceeded to snatch a whole string of takeover commonplaces from under the eye of the professionals, the emphasis now being on hotel companies; in each case he attracted attention by offering a great deal more than his rivals would dream of offering, sometimes even expensively taking from the vultures what the vultures had already snatched. This phase of Mr. Jasper's activity culminated in July with the acquisition of Lintang Investments. Lintang had been floated only four months before by Mr Max Joseph, operator in hotels and general property, and its price had risen in the market to an extremely fancy level; its main assets were Dolphin Court and an estate in Bayswater, and it had just beaten Mr Jasper in a bid for the Piccadilly Hotel group. Mr Jasper bid slightly above the fancy market price for the directors' controlling interest; the directors accepted with alacrity and agreed to recommend the bid to other shareholders, provided that the chairman – he was the Lord Mayor of London, after all – got suitable compensation; Mr Jasper took over. He paused, relatively speaking, for a moment: a few weeks later he offered the public shares in a company called Reliable Properties at a price no higher than a speculative boom in property shares made normal, and a few weeks later still he bid for Ely Brewery; the chairman of Ely Brewery (it is in Cardiff, as you would expect) is Mr Lazarus Nidditch; he accepted an offer of compensation and the offer went through.

The trouble began in the middle of last week, when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the price of every share connected with Mr Jasper dropped sharply. Rumours circulated that certain people who had accepted the offers for Lintang and Ely had not been paid. Mr Jasper, translated from obscurity to the full Fleet Street treatment, admitted that there was a problem about Ely; Mr Joseph returned from holiday and offered to bale out Lintang holders, though all genuine acceptors have apparently been paid; rumours were confirmed that Mr Grunwald, managing director of several Jasper companies and senior partner in the group's solicitors, had disappeared into Israel. Mr Nidditch tried to reclaim the chairmanship of Ely Brewery, but was dissuaded by his solicitor; Mr Jasper issued a statement saying that the trouble was confined to Lintang and Ely, both having been bought on behalf of Mr Grunwald, who had provided most of the money for one but none for the other. The Stock Exchange council finally decided to suspend all dealings in Jasper shares until things were clearer and Mr Jasper called in an independent auditor to investigate; while the State Building Society – rapidly-growing, not a member of the Association, high interest rates – admitted its connection with Jasper and suspended operations. Meanwhile, the market valuation of the Jasper empire had fallen from over £18m. to under £12m.

Jasper is still wrapped in question-marks: MIAS is relatively well known. Beginning as a Manchester property company, it changed its name and moved to posh premises in London in 1957. It went in for a dozen different ventures and raised £650,000 on deposit from the public through the offer of high interest rates, finally going into voluntary liquidation, after press stories and a run on deposits last December. The Fraud Squad, with a fine sense of timing, has now arrested the directors.

Company News

Company news is still fairly sparse. The half-yearly figures of *Vickers* are quite as bad as the chairman's recent warning suggested: sales and profits have both slumped alarmingly, the second half-year is expected to be much the same as the first, and the present ten per cent. dividend is likely to be only just covered. A great deal – particularly if one is to judge from the provision for aircraft development costs – now depends on the Vanguard. The recent reorganisation of *Associated Electrical* has yet to make itself felt in the profit figures. The group profit is down on the second half of last year but up on the first half, at £7¼m. before depreciation; there is probably a seasonal pattern to take into consideration, with electrical consumer goods accounting for most of the recent improvement, and Lord Chandos's forecast to remember – that the recovery in profits should become more marked towards the end of the year.

TAURUS

PERSONAL

SUNDAY, 27 Sept. Keep your continental tan by rambling with the Senior Rambling Group – meet Marylebone Stn, 10.20 train for High Wycombe. Enqs: CLI. 6825.

LONDON-trained SRN wishes to accompany/nurse patient abroad. Box 11153.

HOUSE-hunting? Prof. cple, child, seek others in sim. position. Int. in sharing hse & purchase costs. NW Lon. GUL. 3677.

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OCTOBER 'Labour Monthly' out now. The Election Battle and China's Tenth Year, Special Number. R. P. Dutt, G. F. Dutch, Tom Vernon, J. E. Mortimer, Jim Gardner, Wm Gallacher, J. R. A. Machen. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly post free from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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'SOCIALISM, Centralist or Libertarian?' – an important new full-length essay by the late G. D. H. Cole. ISSS 'Information' 2s. 2d. p.f., 22 Nevern Road, SW5.

'SOCIALISM & World Poverty.' By John Papworth. 2s. 8d. post free from International Society for Socialist Studies, 22 Nevern Road, SW5.

'HOW Labour Governed, 1945-1951.' Fully documented record. Essential reading for all Socialists. 32pp 'Direct Action' pamphlet, 8d. post paid from Syndicalist Workers' Federation, 25a Amberley Rd, London, W9.

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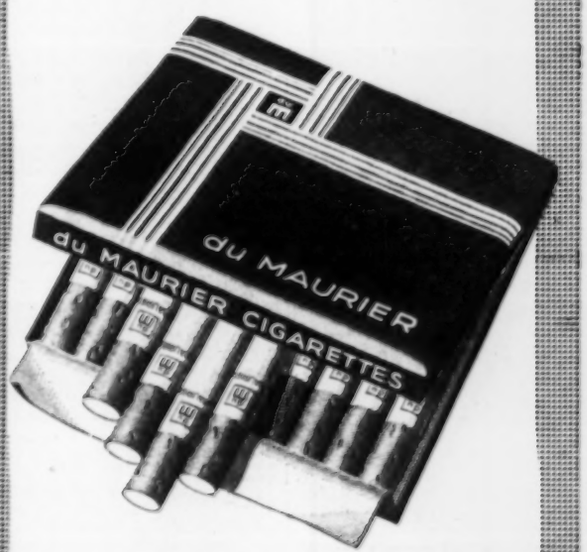

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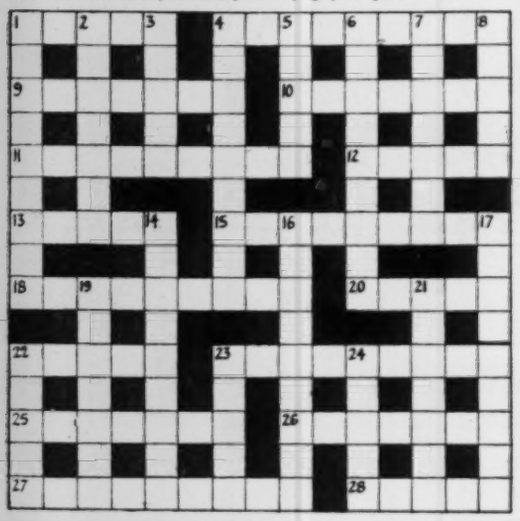

ACROSS

1. The inhuman worker produces rubbish about the old boy (5).
4. It works by water but may be found in dry places (9).
9. The mocker puts a bit of violence into his laughter (7).
10. Tiresome for a sports administrator (7).
11. Song for a bit of sport with University backing (9).
12. I am classed as short-tempered (5).
13. Air is mixed there (5).
15. Part of a book in which a servant pursues rank (9).
18. Mails sent in code for places of punishment (9).
20. Groups of people who go for months without something hot (5).
22. People of the Commonwealth headed by a Communist (5).
23. Foreigners filter back into the resorts (9).
25. West persisted as a television personality (7).
26. Model formerly fat? (7).
27. Discipline oneself in repose to achieve self-control (9).
28. 'See God made and ——— all day long' (Browning) (5).

DOWN

1. Earns hers differently to prepare the animal for work again (9).
2. District which has gold in the branch (7).
3. Drank with the editor-in-chief (5).
4. Help put down a rising province for one who is bogus (9).
5. Wood which is good in the middle (5).
6. Examples of animals climbing in shilling enclosures (9).
7. Exhibition of pictures in which the artist comes between the historian and the graduate (7).
8. 'The long-drawn ——— and fretted vault' (Gray) (5).
14. Memorandum about a residue (9).
16. Last wishes starting with exam on the last word (9).
17. Suburban place for oriental splendour (4, 5).
19. Animal of which there is one in an English town (7).
21. Wall is a rôle with a mimic in it (7).
22. Man about to be indebted for a machine (5).
23. Without offence the desert could be a main road (5).
24. The likeness keeps the cockney on time (5).

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UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above post. Applicants should possess an Honours degree of a British University and have appropriate teaching experience. The successful applicant will be required to take up his duties as soon as possible and not later than September 1960. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 × £50 – £2,175 for a man or £1,200 × £40 – £1,680 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 6 November 1959.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Fellow or Senior Fellow in Philosophy. Applications are invited for a Fellowship or Senior Fellowship in Philosophy, within the Department of Social Philosophy. The Fellow or Senior Fellow will be expected to engage in research in philosophy, and to assist in the supervision of post-graduate students. His main interests may lie anywhere within the field of pure philosophy, but preference will be given to an applicant who is also interested in the history of ideas, including the history of science. The salary range of a Fellowship is from £A1,832 to £2,602, and of a Senior Fellowship from £A2,592 to £3,102; increments for Fellow are £70 per annum. Senior Fellow £85 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed within those ranges by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Details regarding conditions of appointment and the Department's work and range of interests are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close on 10 November 1959.

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UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Indo-Pakistan Culture and History. Applications are invited for the above position. Candidates, who may be Asian or non-Asian, should have an Honours Degree in History or a higher Degree in Asian studies, and a research interest in the history and culture of India and/or Pakistan. Appropriate teaching experience would be desirable. The appointee would be expected to provide a general course within the Faculty of Arts designed to develop a knowledge of the history, culture, and contemporary problems of the Indian sub-continent. Salary £A2,160/£2,510 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 14 November 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Social Sciences Research Centre. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Research Assistant in the Social Sciences Research Centre. Salary Scale £1,250 × £50 to £1,350 per annum. The appointment is in connection with a first programme of experimental and other studies of working organisations and conduct. Candidates should have qualifications and research experience which would enable them to make an effective contribution to the design and interpretation of experiments involving small groups of people. The appointment is for three years. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (six copies), giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 5 October, 1959. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-Western Derbyshire with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £900 × £50 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700 × £50 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appn. may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WORKERS' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Staff Tutor in Industrial Studies. Salary: £650 – £1,200. Details and application forms (s.a.e.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

LONDON Ambulance Service requires men and women Ambulance Control Clerks. 40-hr wk on shift basis. Age limits 18-35 with allnce for time spent on regular engagement in HM Forces. From 132s. 6d. (age 18) to 236s. (age 30) accdg to age, rising to 298s. 6d. Add. payments for overtime, Sunday, night duty, etc. Details and appln forms from Medical Officer (D.I/A), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 10 Oct. (1999.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Producer for North American Service in London (British subject). Duties include formulation of ideas for, and production of discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Essential qualifications: sound education, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in men and women of all kinds and interest in current affairs. French of a high standard, both written and spoken, also required as duties will consist largely of production of political talks and feature programmes in French for French-Canadian audiences. Candidates will be required to pass a language test. First-hand knowledge of United States and Canada, their people and affairs, and some experience of writing, would be advantageous. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1306 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Language Supervisor (British subject) for East and Central European Services. Duties consist mainly in checking accuracy, and where possible style, of translations of news bulletins and talks from English into at least two of the languages concerned (Albanian, Bulgarian, Czech and Slovak, Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Serbo-Croat and Slovene) and following broadcasts in the studio. Besides first-class knowledge of their foreign languages candidates must possess a command of English of native standard and good general knowledge of European life and affairs. Previous residence in the countries concerned an advantage. Work on shift basis including night duty. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Candidates offering exceptional knowledge of one of these languages could be considered for part-time employment on shift basis including night duty. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1303 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Russian Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading) to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Russian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095–£1,370 when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1300 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council Education Committee. Loxley Hall Residential School for Educationally Sub-Normal Boys, Nr Uttoxeter. Applications are invited for the post of Housefather (Resident). Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Scales, £450–£530 per annum less a deduction of £116 per annum for board residence. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Education Offices, Stafford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should possess a degree with honours in Economics. The appointee will be required to lecture in the theory of value and distribution, and industrial organisation. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 November 1959.

SURREY Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for post of Warden at Coulsdon Centre, Coulsdon. Extensive premises used primarily for youth work, but facilities are available for Adult groups. The Warden will be responsible for the general administration of the premises and development of activities. Applicants should hold a Social Science diploma or recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training in Youth Leadership. Salary (men) £770 × £27 10s. to £1,070 p.a.; (women) £720 × £22 to £950 p.a., plus equal pay increments. Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned not later than two weeks following appearance of this advertisement.

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Leeds Boys' Remand Home—Resident Deputy Superintendent and Deputy Matron (Joint Post). Applications are invited from people with an interest in and understanding of delinquent children for this post at a Remand Home accommodating 23 boys. Deputy Superintendent required to have teaching qualifications. Salary: Deputy Superintendent £640 to £1,034 plus emoluments. Deputy Matron £420 to £520 plus emoluments. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

CITY of Birmingham, Public Health Department, Mental Health Service. A vacancy exists for a Social Caseworker in the above service. Salary Scale APT Grade I (£630-£785 per annum). This is an active and expanding Department and the person appointed will work part time in the community and part time in a City Mental Hospital. Medical examination, pension scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Congreve Street, Birmingham, 3. Closing date of application 3 October 1959.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd for work in the Child Guidance & School Psychological Service initially in Ealing. Honours degree in psychology or equiv. recognised clinical training & teaching experience. Duties include general advisory work in schools & in the Child Guidance Centre. Salary (under review) Soulbury II £1,207-£1,470 (male); £1,168-£1,413 (female). Established. Appl. forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, by 9 Oct. Prescribed condns. (Quote B. 175 N.S.).

MIDDLESEX County Council. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker (Female) reqd for work initially at Child Guidance Centre, Ealing, and particularly concerning Day School for Maladjusted Children to be opened at Easter, 1960. PTA quals. Salary £610-£845 plus London Weighting. Established. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W5, by 29 Nov. (Quote B.139 N.S. & N.)

PARK Prewett Group Hospital Management Committee, No. 10. Park Prewett Hospital, Basingstoke, Hampshire. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the above Hospital. Whitley Council salary scales and conditions of service. Duties will include work in connection with the Mental Hospital and Out-Patient Clinics. Clerical assistance and use of hospital car available. Candidates must hold a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. The Physician Superintendent will be glad to give further information or arrange for a preliminary visit. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a vacancy as Psychiatric Social Worker, whole-time or part-time, in the Psychiatric Out-Patient Department at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent, Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital, 1055 Gt Western Rd, Glasgow, W2, not later than 30 September, 1959.

FULL-time Warden for Jewish Boys and Girls Clubs required. Salary £750-£1,000 a year, according to qualifications. Duties mainly administrative. Apply, Victoria Clubs, 31 Throgmorton Street, EC2.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s. per month, rising to £40, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Mount School, York. The post of Headmistress becomes vacant at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1960. Applicants should be members of the Society of Friends or in close sympathy or association with its work. Further particulars can be obtained from the address below. Applications, along with three recent testimonials and the names of three referees, should be sent before 31 October, to The Chairman of the Governors, c/o Ford and Warren, 61 Albion Street, Leeds 1.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. Co-educational boarding and day school. Required November, Assistant Matron for senior boarding house working under hospital trained nurse. Previous experience not essential but applicants should be prepared to take a course in Home Nursing. Interesting post in a vital community with opportunities for joining in social life of the school. Applications to the Headmaster.

ASSISTANT Case-Work Secretary (lady) sought immediately by National Charity. The post is essentially a desk job. Preference will be given to experienced candidates under 50. Promotion prospects. Optional pension scheme. Salary by arrangement. Apply, with full particulars, to Box 11067.

PERSONNEL Officer (female), age 30-40, required by tobacco manufacturers in East London. Must have taken a recognised course in personnel management. Apply, giving age, qualifications, experience and salary required, to Box 11175.

KODAK Ltd. require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application to Personnel Department, (125), Kodak Ltd, Harrow, Middlesex.

FEATURES Editor of National weekly magazine requires efficient, conscientious secretary. Age over 20. Capable of working on own initiative. Applicants should be competent shorthand typists and have a good memory. Write, giving details to Box 11297.

SECRETARY to Personnel Officer Television Company, W1. Interested in Staff Problems and able to handle people. Salary £624. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Square, W1. HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY-sh./typist reqd by Jewish Welfare Organisation, good English and high speeds essential, some knowledge of German an advantage, aged over 25, 5-day week, good salary. Box 11262.

PART-Time German Shorthand-Typist required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Apply Box 11330.

SEC. S/t. 22-25, intelligent & personable, for TV films. Sal. to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W1. HUN. 0676.

WANTED, English/German shorthand-typist, good at figures, for Berkeley Square area. 5-day week and luncheon vouchers; salary in accordance with experience. Write in confidence to Box 11257.

PART-time sec. willing to teach Pitman's shorthand & typing wanted by West End school. Must have good speeds. Box 11193.

WANTED: Competent and reliable assistant for old-established West End Antique Shop. Experience and first-class references essential. Box 11084.

INTERESTING part-time work as mobile film projectionists. Training given. Car/van necessary. Suit retired, or student. Eric Walker, 154 Corbyn St, N4. ARC. 7200.

COMMISSION Agents wanted to introduce new interesting children's book stocked by leading wholesalers to booksellers, stationers, newsagents &/or schools. Box 11136.

FRENCH Copy-Typist required by international organisation in London. Accurate copy-typing in French and some English. Previous experience essential. British nationality not necessary. Salary according to age & qualifications. 5-day week; 3 weeks' holiday; luncheon vouchers. Offices in central West End. Apply: International Tin Council, Haymarket Hse, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

CLERK-Typist required for international organisation in London. Good arithmetic essential. Typing of invoices required. Knowledge of elementary book-keeping an advantage. Age 20-30. Salary according to age and experience. 5-day week; three weeks holiday; luncheon vouchers; offices in central West End. Apply; International Tin Council, Haymarket House, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

WORKING housekeeper for professional man, schoolmistress wife, daughter of 8. Beautiful Herefordshire, bus route, child welcomed. Wages £3 to £4 10s. Maughfling, Lake House, Lyston, Herefordshire.

COMPANION-Secretary wanted in mornings. Prospect of lengthy continental travel. Box 11205.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG German Lady, bus. exper., fluent Spanish & English, reqs suitable position London. Kurnik, 32 Belmont Court, NW11.

NEWSWOMAN, American, 37, arriving mid-Dec., would like to live and work in England. Exp. news/feature reporting, sevrl yrs ed./pub. own monthly; often imaginative writer; desires city or entry post. Box 11010.

YOUNG chartered accountant studying for sociology degree needs part-time work (a.m. or p.m.) keeping books, teaching, etc. London area. Box 11299.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

FIRST-class sec, sks part-time position with professor or author. Hampstead area pref. Own typewriter. SW1. 3449, Box 11174.

YNG man Univ. educ. seeks stimulating occup. Anything considered. Box 11148.

YOUNG woman, top level secretary, good cook, likes children, requires 3 months post October. Box 11172.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 406

MATHEMATICS & Physics. Unquestionably the very best tuition evenings/week-ends all levels by ex-university lecturers now in tutorial business. Any problem solved from O-level to B.Sc. Hons degree in maths and physics. Fee 1 gn. per hr. Box 11125.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0734.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH private lessons by exper. Sp. grad. Schoolmaster. Sr Ariza. KEN. 5071.

PIANO, Harpsichord, Clavichord, Recorders, Plainsong. Exp. tuit. Pinner 2065.

HIGHLY qualified piano teacher accepts beginner and advanced pupils. 'Phone HENdon 9755.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

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Sunshine enthusiasts have the choice of three types of arrangement.

OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER HOLIDAYS in warmer climates or in Britain.

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WINTER SPORTS IN ALPINE SUNSHINE. We have arrangements to suit all grades of ski-ers and invite you to write for our Norwegian brochure and the advance information on ski-ing in Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France.

FREE HOLIDAY offered to Winter Sports party organisers.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

ENJOY Autumn hol. Lovely 17th cent. cott. Mountfield Sussex. Furn., main water, elec. 4 gns. Wkends 30s. S.a.e. Box 11192.

GLORIOUS Devon. For late hols. try Bossell Guest House, Buckfastleigh. Ideal touring, walking, fishing, relaxation. Tel. 3294.

ENJOY a Late Holiday. Book now for few vacancies late September and October at 'Normanhurst', the small, comfortable, friendly hotel in South Coast resort. Recom. by readers and others. Simple vegtn fare if desired. From 7 gns., fully inclusive. Inexpensive upper flr rooms. No gratuities. Slumberlands; h. & c., 2 lounges. Write for Illus. Brochure, Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St Leonards, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LANC. Gate Stn Grads (m), mid 20's, sk 1/2 share large furn. mews. AMB. 4112.

MOD. furn. flat, Regent's Park. Self-contained, central heating, c.h.w., fridge, 'phone etc. Vacant 5 mths from mid-October. Suit prof. person, 6 gns weekly. Box 11272.

PLEASANT bed-sitter to let. H. & c. water, electr. ring & kettle. With breakfast, in well-heated house. SPE. 5291.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sit., electric cooking facs. No linen, no breakfast. 3½ gns. Business lady preferred. HAM. 9271.

PUTNEY. One attractive furnished divan-room, share kitchen with other girl. Suit business girl. 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

CHELSEA (Cheyne Walk), private furn. accom. single & double rms 4-6 gns. Share kit. & bathrm. FLA 0871 betwn 8-9 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. 2 bedsitters, 3 gns, £2 12s. 6d. all facs. Gentlemen pref. GUL. 3752.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

NW3. Large bed/sit., phone, use kitchen, bath. Suit young lady. 2½ gns. Box 11277.

HAMPSTEAD. Large semi-furn. single room, use kitchen. £3 7s. 6d. PRI. 2016.

LARGE bed-sitter, share bath, kitchen, own telephone. 60s. p.w. incl. Gentleman only. LAD. 1458 after 7 p.m.

MODERN electric flat, central City & West End, suitable 2 business gentlemen. 50s. each. Phone CAN. 2686 between 11 & 7.

WRITER'S household. Attractive room. Hamilton Terrace, NW8. Ideal for students, business girl. Low rent in exchange agreed number, trouble-free sitting-in evenings. Full independence. Box 11228.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

UNIV. couple offers share huge cent. situated furn. flat with couple and child. Mutual baby-sitting. 4 gns p.w. MAI 7169.

COMF. b/s., off Ealing Comm., clkg facs., h. & c. Mus./lit. ints. 45s. EAL. 8596.

IC & SYH Ltd, Harold Laski Hostel, 8 Gayfere St. SW1; Sane Gurujt Hostel, 86 Fernhead Rd. W9. Accommodation from 28s. to 33s. 6d. for single and double rooms with all facs. Pref. to Socialists and Co-operative students. Apply to respective Wardens.

PUTNEY Hill. Large furn. bed-sit., quiet house. New dec., bay win., h. & c., gas r. 8 mins buses, tube. 3 gns. PUT. 5030.

LARGE friendly furn. double b/s., excell. clkg facs. 20 mins by tube W. End, 57s. p.w., sgle rm 45s. TEM. 8484 ex. 306.

BACHELOR offers another, 30/35 yrs, share large NW3 flat. £3 p.w. Box 11149.

ST JOHN'S Wood. Attractive bed-sitting-room, own bathroom, cooking facs., for reliable lady in exchange for light domestic help evenings, Sat. & Sun. mornings. Box 11212.

SW5. Girl stud. or sim. offered small comf. furn. rm ret. 20 hrs baby-minding wkly. Hrs by arrangement, no hsewk. Box 11204.

CENTRAL heating. Large attractive single divan-room for business girl. All facs. Transport good. NW2. 3gns, incl. WIL. 6025.

RETIRED bachelor offers half furnished flat Bayswater, 'phone, equipped kitchen linen etc., cleaning done. 65s. Box 11219.

CHELSEA. Room in young bachelor's house. Reasonable terms. Box 11177.

HAMPSTEAD. Adjoining Heath. Self-cont. furn. flat in quiet prof. hse. Large bed/sit., lge kit./din., bth. 5½ gns. Box 11187.

FURNISHED room in well-situated flat, centre Surbiton, use of kitchen & bathroom. 15 mins Waterloo. £3 10s. p.w. (single; or £5 (double). ELM. 2408 or KIN. 7678.

LOVELY home to share on Cornish Creek – 5 miles Truro. Box 11190.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

QUIET Indian grad. student (m.) seeks room in centrally-heated house. Meal by arrangement. Reasonable. Box 11250.

HARLEY Street Secretary seeks s/c. accommodation about November. Quiet, harmonious atmosphere essential. Box 11214.

PROF. couple req. by Xmas, quiet, unfurn. s/c. flat/cott. Access. Cen. or Bakerloo lines. Careful, consid. tenants. Box 11215.

PART-time student (psychology), wife & 9-year-old son, urgently require unfurn. flat, NW; reasonable rent. Box 11222.

COUPLE want 2/3 unfurn. rms. Must be quiet house, easy reach Lon. Box 11201.

YNG man, 20's, sks share flat, Cen. Lond., Oct. Nation immaterial. Box 11256.

GARDEN with small house or flat attached wanted in London area to rent or buy. Box 10560.

MAN requires roomy flat Kensington/Chelsea. Low rent exchange boiler-stoking, handyman repairs, etc. Box 11181.

FURN. Hse., 4 beds., London or vicinity for three weeks from 1 January 1960. Reply to Advertiser, 24 Coltman Road, Salisbury N85, Southern Rhodesia.

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JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING (Reports, Price-Lists, Programmes, Circulars). Typing translations Mabel Eyles and Partners, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N11 (ENT. 3324).

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COVENT GARDEN, WC2

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Two cycles of
Der Ring des Nibelungen
A few seats still available for 28 Sept. & 5 Oct.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Season opens 28 Oct. Rep. incl.: Un Ballo in Maschera, Boris Godunov, Der Rosenkavalier (in German). Programme available. Booking now open.

THE ROYAL BALLET

Season opens 19 Oct. with world première of John Cranko's 'Antigone'. Programme available. Booking now open.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'. 'Most stimulating theatrical evening'—Daily Mail.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. A Rocket for the Governor. Comedy. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

EAST Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Deutschland Radio Singers, Berlin Radio Choir. Royal Festival Hall. Sunday evn. 4 Oct. at 7.30. 'Missa Solemnis' (Beethoven). Conductor Rolf Kleinert. Monday, 5 Oct. at 8, 'Belshazzar' (Handel). Conductor Helmut Koch. 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s. WAT. 3191.

THE English Folk Dance and Song Society - Cyril Tawney is Guest Artist in Folk Music Concert, Sun., 4 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. The Importance of Folk Music, Weds., 7 Oct.-25 Nov., 6.30 p.m., London Univ. Extension Lectures by Douglas Kennedy, Margaret Dean-Smith, John Horton, Klaus Wachsmann, Russell Wortley, James Reeves, Donald Hughes, Maud Karpeles. Third English Folk Music Festival, 10-11 Oct. Also Guitar classes, songswaps, record recitals. All at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd, NW1. GUL. 2206. Write or phone for details.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Russian Film Season. Until 4 Oct.: 'The Cranes are Flying' (U), 'Two Men and a Wardrobe' (A).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c. 27 Sept. 7 days. Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda. 'War and Peace'. (A).

CHINESE film 'The Letter With The Feathers' with English sub-titles. Awarded Certificate of Merit Edinburgh Festival 1954. On Thursday, 1 October, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, WC2, 7 p.m. Regular monthly shows of outstanding films from India and Asia. Information and tickets (Members 2s., 3s., nonmembers 1s. extra) from India Film Society, 31a John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 2110.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat. 26 September, 8-11 p.m. Mems, 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings from The National and Tate Galleries. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Place': An Environment of paintings by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, Richard Smith. Until 24 October. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1, Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Homage to Marcel Duchamp.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by H. Jochems, T. Marner, P. Letts, 16 Sept.-3 Oct. Daily 10-6.

MEMORIAL Exhibition of Pottery by Heber Mathews at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Sq, London, W1, from 29 Sept. until 16 Oct. Mon-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Adm. free.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Julian Trevelyan - The Malta Suite. 7 Cork St, W1. 10-1, Sats 10-6. REG. 3660.

PARIS Gallery, 1 Albany Tce, NW1 (Marylebone Rd/Park Sq. East). WEL. 7360. 10-6, 10-1, Post-War English Sculpture.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Larry Bigelow Exhibn. 10-6 Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. (MAYfair 4419.) Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Karwar, Lionel Miskin and Francis Carr: Paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting and Sculpture). Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints). Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

NEW Towns Exhibition. Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1. Open daily 3-17 October. Weekdays 10-5 p.m., Suns. 2-6 p.m. Adm. free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th-Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Closes 30 September. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 September. Admission 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Emilio Greco; Recent Sculpture. Weekdays 10-5. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W.1. Pottery by M. Cardew Pupils. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henghes - Sculpture. To 17 October. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition - Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings - John Bratby. From 22 Sept.

'LIFE in the GDR' - Information Exhibition and Film Show. 10th Anniversary of the German Democratic Republic. 28 Sept.-11 Oct. at Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. Admission free. 10-8 daily, 2-6 Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DR David Pitt, Labour candidate for Hampstead, will speak at Emanuel School, Mill Lane, W. Hampstead, Tues., 29 Sept., 8.30, and Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, Wed., 30 Sept., 8.15, supported by Lena Jeger & others. Labour's Central Committee Rooms, 37a Broadhurst Gardens, NW6. MAI. 7497.

'BALLOTOMANIA' - a discussion on the coming Election. New Jewish Society, Edith Kemsley Room, 83 Chiltern St, W1, Wed. 30 Sept. at 8 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. About 'Place'. A discussion on the current ICA exhibition. Speakers will include Roger Coleman, Richard Hamilton, Ralph Rumney. Thursday, 1 Oct., 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Theatre. Diverting the Mainstream'. A discussion on the trend in British playwriting away from conventional theatre. Speakers: John Mortimer, Harold Pinter, N. F. Simpson. Chairman: Charles Marowitz. Sunday 27 September, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

'SLEEP, Dreams, Immortality.' Public Lecture Sun. 27 Sept. 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2, PAD. 0688.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 25 Sept., 8 p.m. Michael Kullmann - 'Lev Tolstoy on Art'. Fri. 2 Oct., 8 p.m. Vera Traill - 'Moscow September 1959'. Russian classes Mon., Wed., Fri. 6.30 p.m. Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Friday, 2 October, 1959, 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Speaker: Sir James Mann, KCVO, FBA, Hon. V-PSA, Director of the Wallace Collection; Master of the Armouries, HM Tower of London; Hon. Member of the Art Workers Guild. Subject: 'Swords'. Visitors are welcome, and are invited to take part in the discussion. Refreshments.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 2 Oct., 8.30, 'African Culture', Mr Femi Okunnu. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Public Lecture. Free.

SHARON Jewish Soc. Fats Waller record recital/talk. 8 p.m. Sun. 27, 2 Soho Sq.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda at Centre, Tues. 29 Sept., 7.30, Discourse. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs. 1 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Does Our Conception of God Evolve?'

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture Wed., 30 Sep., 6.30 sharp: 'What Can We Do?', Marianne Winder, MA. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea), 3 Oct., 3 p.m., open to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' for Buddhist news and views. Information TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'THE Peace that Never Was.' Admission free. Questions & discussion. 7 p.m. Sun. 27 Sept. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1. Nearest Tube, Victoria. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

GORDON Pitcairn-Knowles, MBNA, on 'The Schroth Cure'. Nature Cure Clinic Public Meeting, Thurs. 8 Oct, 7 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Adm. free, collection.

SUFI Service. PPU Religion Commn. 3.30 Sun. 27 Sept. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Miss L. Hayat Bouman, 'Is this a Record?'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
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Applications for admission in October 1960 to the undermentioned full-time courses should be made as soon as possible to: The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1, from whom further details may be obtained. The courses are intended for qualified teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 575.

Advanced Course - Department of Child Development.

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Diploma in the Education of Handicapped Children with special reference to the needs of

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Evening classes in French language and literature. Preparation for French University degrees. Special classes with audio-visual methods for beginners. Early application is necessary for this class as places are limited. For further details apply to the Director of Studies.

GOLDSMITHS' College, Lewisham Way, SE14 (TID. 2266). Evening classes include: Diplomacy in the Nuclear Age, Hedley Bull; Criminology, Dr Terence Morris; Chinese Civilisation, Dr Cyril Birch; Aspects of Mental Health, Dr J. Wing, Dr Jack Tizard, Dr A. D. B. Clarke and Mrs Ann Clarke; The Advancing Front of Science, F. Greenaway; The German Novelle, Miss L. Schatzky; The Changing Portrait, Miss Maria Shirley; Handel and Purcell, Anthony Milner. Classes begin 28 September; fee 8s. to 24s., according to class. For Prospectus (free) with full details of these and 180 other courses, write or phone.

CRIMINOLOGY and the Psychology of Delinquency. 26 lectures starting 28 September. Fee 30s. London University Extension Lectures for Diploma in Sociology. First Yr Course starts 1 Oct., 25s. ISTD, 8 Bourdon St, Davies St, W1. MAY. 3472.

RUSSIAN Classes, Conversation practice, Lectures, Library; facilities for students, scientists. Term begins 1 Oct. Enrol now. Send s.a.e. for details to Secretary, Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8. Tel. WES. 1571.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. New term begins Sunday, 27 September, at 10 a.m. when new pupils will be enrolled. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

LABAN Art of Movement Centre, London. Evening Courses: (a) Listen and Move, practical weekly classes in the relationship of sound, music and dance, beginning 6 October, 7 p.m. (b) Choral Dance Drama for mixed group, weekly rehearsals beginning 8 October, 7 p.m. Both courses held at St John's and All Saints' C. of E. Secondary School, Exton Street, off Waterloo Road, London, SE1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 12 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Autumn and winter courses at the Spanish Universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 12 October to 9 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

LANGUAGES by the Direct Method. French, German, Italian, etc. New Courses in Sept. English for Foreigners. Preparation for Cambridge Certificates, St Giles' School, 63 Oxford Street, GER. 1460.

GERMAN and French lessons given by Viennese lady teacher. University graduate (Vienna, Paris). All Exams. Box 10863.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Expert Tuition by native teachers. Priv. lessons, small classes, conversation groups. French courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

UNISCHOL Tutorial College, for specialists in Mathematics & Science. Unrivalled tuition by honours graduates in spacious, newly-equipped laboratories for all examinations. Apply Registrar, 308 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4. STAmford Hill 1908.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full/part-time secretarial courses start 28 September. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also attractive language courses and English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

PRIVATE tuition (Shorthand, Typing). Boarding for out of town students. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 417

'I'm afraid we're already committed.'

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d